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EUROPE has been lively this week. In Italy the Duce has "accepted the resignations" of a large handful of his Ministers, including Signor Grandi, who has generally been regarded as his most trusted lieutenant and his mouthpiece in foreign affairs. There are big reasons and small for this purge; the biggest is the disappointment felt in the Fascist Party at the poor figure that Italy has been cutting in international affairs. Signor Grandi has been too mild; there has been no rumbling of the old Fascist thunder. The abandonment of the clean slate policy at Lausanne caused a good deal of irritation in Rome, and the Anglo-French pact caused still more. Mussolini's move, though it does not portend anything particularly sinister, may be taken as a hint of a more assertive attitude. The deposed Ministers are not disgraced, and Signor Grandi may turn up shortly as Ambassador in London.

* * *

The German situation is more dangerous. That the dispute between Prussia and the Reich would end in a dictatorship was not unexpected. But the blow, now it has fallen, seems none the less serious. Technically Herr von Papen is the autocrat of Prussia; but he will, of course, exercise his powers through persons more formidable than himself—of whom the most formidable is General von Schleicher. The Socialist Ministers have been bundled out, after a day of defiance; their police chiefs and other officials have gone with them. Martial law is in force in Berlin and Brandenburg, and censorship, prohibitions and penalties loom in the background. The South German States are not involved; but their sympathies are undisguisedly with Prussia, and they are alarmed for themselves. Probably there will be no immediate happenings of a spectacular kind. The Social Democrats are against a general strike; they rest their hopes on the elections which will take place on Sunday week. But whichever way the elections go there is likelihood of trouble; for Hitler may be counted on either to exploit a victory to the full, or to take bold steps to repair a defeat. The most disquieting feature of Herr von Papen's *coup* is that it is backed—indeed it has been pressed for—by the Nazis and the Nationalists. A coalition of these forces with the forces of Junkerdom has ugly possibilities.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Germans, like a great many other people, are by no means easy about the new Anglo-French entente. Before they accept the invitation to join they want to know more precisely what was, and is, and is likely to be, in the minds of its founders. Germany, above all, is naturally shy of forming part of a united European front against America in the matter of war debts. The British Government, of course, has said that it never contemplated any such united front, and M. Herriot has denied the report

that he contemplated it either. Some of his countrymen, on the Nationalist side, are none too pleased with this timidity. Others, on the same side, suspect Mr. MacDonald of a design to exclude France's satellites from the entente and so to undermine her position in Europe and even to revise the Treaty of Versailles. Others, on the Left, believe that the object is—or at any rate that the effect will be—to undermine the League. There seems to be some confirmation of that fear in the curious proposals that are being made in connection with the World Economic Conference. The League, we understand, is to summon the Conference and to pay the expenses of it; but a committee of certain Governments, it appears, will run it, will organise the expert commissions, and make use of the services of League officials if and when they are wanted.

* * *

A new loan of 2,000,000 schillings (£10,000,000 at the current rate of exchange) to Austria has at last been recommended by the League. It will relieve that unfortunate country of the worst of her immediate distress; but obviously it is only a palliative and not a cure. No permanent cure is possible while balkanised Succession States maintain their present tariff policy. But the loan even as a corpse-reviver is open to—and indeed is actually meeting with—strong criticism. Attached to it are political conditions, one of which is a renewal of the prohibition of the *Anschluss* with Germany, and a prohibition not merely for to-day or to-morrow, but for twenty years, the period of the loan. This, of course, is the doing of France and Italy. The Germans object to it, though the Papen Government is accused of being more lukewarm in its objections than it ought to be. The Austrian Social Democrats and the Nationalists are up in arms; but it is not likely that they will prevent the acceptance of the loan. Sir John Simon and Signor Massigli welcomed this act of international brotherly love, and referred to it as the first outcome of the Lausanne spirit. We hope that some of the later outcomes will contain a smaller admixture of stupidity and hypocrisy than this.

* * *

With Mr. Thomas on his way to Ottawa there seemed a chance of agreement between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. De Valera on the composition of an Arbitration Court. Mr. De Valera does not demand that the chairman, or indeed any member of the Court, shall come from outside the Commonwealth. But with the memory of the Feetham Boundary Commission alive in the Free State he dare not confront his followers with an acceptance of the principle that all members of the Court must be members of the Commonwealth. On this point of principle—is it really vital in a "non-rigid" Commonwealth of Nations?—both sides were adamant. But there was hope that they might agree to the Labour proposal of a Board of Inquiry of four persons, two to be appointed by each side, with power to choose a chairman. Such an inquiry, even though its decisions could not be binding, would at least have the advantage of postponing, and therefore perhaps of preventing, an economic war. It would have given a chance of further thought and efforts at conciliation. The proposal broke down apparently because the British Government wanted the Land Annuity money "paid into Court" in London and Mr. De Valera wanted to keep it in Dublin. Was there ever so ludicrous a case of breaking up an Empire on a point of procedure?

* * *

Now that national pride is aroused on both sides, the chance of conciliation is indefinitely postponed. It is an odd beginning to Ottawa to have a tariff war proceeding between the Free State and Great Britain. Mr. De Valera's counter-tariffs on English goods are for the moment held up by amendments in the Senate, but they are expected to become effective before long. We may also expect an attempt to boycott English goods in Ireland, and German agents are said to be already negotiating for a transfer of Ireland's coal orders from this country to Germany. South Wales will be an early sufferer. The next will be the Scottish farmers who import store cattle from Ireland in order to fatten them for the British market. The supply of an important "raw material" is threatened. If the British Government is to make the promised revenue from the Irish imports, then the bulk of the money will be paid by the British consumer. The *Irish Press* remarks:

> When in future the British workman buys his "prime English" he will no doubt enjoy it the more with the thought that as he eats it he is paying the Irish Land Annuities.

For once the *Irish Press* expresses the truth without much exaggeration.

* * *

The Dominion delegates arrived at Ottawa in an atmosphere of conviviality and cricket. Mr. Baldwin is a popular figure at Lord's, and his political comments embody, at all times, the quintessence of public schoolery. "We don't care tuppence who makes the runs," he beamingly remarked, "so long as the side makes a good score." It is not quite clear, from this contest, what "the side" represents (the British delegation? or the Commonwealth as a whole?) and Mr. Thomas, always happy among metaphors, threw little light by his exuberant pronouncement that "all are going to bat and all to bowl." The match, so planned, sounds rather like the Caucus-race so admirably organised by the Dodo. Perhaps Messrs. Baldwin and Thomas would do well to take a leaf out of our Test Team selectors' book: the latter have begun, very sensibly, by choosing a couple of wicket-keepers. Our delegates, for all their high spirits, have a sticky pitch at Ottawa, and Mr. Baldwin's habit of "not caring tuppence" has already cost us rather dear. We hope he will not begin by sending down too many loose ones.

* * *

Perhaps the best chance of substantial gain is in the steel industry. It is said that the British and Canadian steel producers have reached agreement on a scheme for the allocation of different types of steel production between the two countries, and that the result of this agreement may be such a revision of the Canadian tariff as will enable the British producers to oust the Americans from a substantial part of the Canadian market. At present Canada gets by far the greater part of her steel from the United States. Her own steel industry is only equipped to supply a small fraction of her home market, chiefly with products of the lighter types. This obviously makes agreement between the British and Canadian producers easier than in most

other industries. But is the preference to the British manufacturers to be secured by lowering the existing duties on imported steel, or by raising them still higher against the producer in the United States? If the latter is meant, the British steel industry may still get some advantage, but only at the expense of the United States. If, however, the proposal means a real lowering of duties on British imports, the gain will be far more real, and far less objectionable from the American point of view. In this as in other matters, the dangers to international relations at Ottawa are barely compensated for by the possibilities of improved trade within the Commonwealth.

* * *

Lord Irwin has been at the Board of Education before, and left only pleasant memories behind him. But we see that even Lord Irwin, who, unless his record belies him, does believe in education, has been speaking since his appointment about the regrettable necessity of further cuts in educational expenditure. Out of what does this necessity arise? It is nonsense to talk about reducing the cost of education without impairing its quality—unless indeed the teachers are again to be asked to accept a further reduction in salaries. There has been much talk of larger classes—and unfortunately more than talk—of lowering the maximum or raising the minimum school age, of cutting down grants to secondary schools, and so on. But not one of these things can be done without disaster to the quality of the service. Nor can teachers' salaries, even apart from the justice of the case, be further reduced without lowering the calibre of recruits. We venture to hope that Lord Irwin, when he has had time to see the situation for himself, will be less ready to admit the case for further educational "economies." Above all, we dispute the need for them. The world is suffering from spending too little, not too much. Public "economy" is, in present circumstances, calculated only to intensify depression.

* * *

Now that the agenda for the Labour Party Conference has been issued in full, it is seen to consist of two parts. The Executive resolutions, intended to define the future policy of the Party, contain no declaration of principle, and no comprehensive programme—only resolutions on banking and finance, transport, and one or two other matters, with a promise of others to follow nearer the date of the Conference. The banking resolution proposes the socialisation of the Bank of England, and leaves the question of the joint stock banks open. The transport resolution is more comprehensive, and proposes socialisation of all the major transport services. There follows, in the printed agenda, a confused noise of many Local Labour Parties clamouring for an advanced programme, with much less than the usual admixture of petty and irrelevant resolutions. It is also significant that some of the big Trade Unions—notably the Railwaymen and the Textile Factory Workers' Association—come forward with definite Socialist resolutions. The agenda as a whole appear to show that the Labour Party wanted, and was expecting, a far more definite and comprehensive lead than the executive has actually given. Perhaps there may be fireworks when the Conference meets in October.

Conversion goes on merrily, at all events in the press reports. A new stage has now been reached, as big institutions, such as building societies, have begun to buy up blocks of unassented loan for the purpose of converting them, in addition to agreeing to convert their own holdings. It now appears that a very large number of the smaller holders have as yet made no move to convert, and that more success—counting heads—has attended the campaign among the larger holders. The public have still no information about the relative proportions of assented and unassented stock, and no means of judging how much of the assented stock is likely to be thrown on the market in the near future. Other gilt-edged securities are still moving upward in capital value, and on the face of the situation a 3½ per cent. basis for British Government credit seems to have established itself. What is of vital importance is that this fall in the yield of first-class securities in Great Britain should be followed by a corresponding fall in long-term interest rates abroad, and the ground thus prepared for a greater readiness of capital-owners to try investments of other sorts in pursuit of higher yields.

* * *

Some weeks ago we referred to a proposed Anti-War Congress which was to meet at Geneva at the end of this month. Some very interesting developments have since taken place. Marshal Pilsudski seems to have been so alarmed by the prospect of this Conference that he ordered the arrest of all the ninety-four Polish "intellectuals" who had signed the appeal. Since then fifty have been released; the remaining forty-four are apparently still in gaol on some unspecified charge. There are still, however, nearly 3,000 persons representing a large variety of Trade Unions and other organisations from all parts of the world who have promised to be present. The names of Barbusse and Gorki suggest, of course, a measure of Communist support, but Communists are not the only people who want an international organisation to be ready in case of a threat of war, and the signatories of the appeal for the Congress include many people who are no more Communists than Winston Churchill. Ironically enough, the Swiss Government has taken fright and has decided that Einstein and Romain Rolland may not discuss the prevention of war in Geneva. So the date of the Congress has been put off until August 20th, and Paris is now the projected meeting place.

* * *

With this issue we initiate, as an experiment, the weekly award of prizes in connection with Caliban's puzzles. It is a curious fact that the more puzzling our day-to-day affairs become the more we ask for puzzles as the distraction of our waking thoughts. The thirteen weeks' contest just concluded (and discussed in some detail on another page) attracted a large entry, and some solvers, long after their chance of a prize had gone, still found the lure of the Caliban problems irresistible. Their attraction, presumably, is due to the combination of a novel idea with an entertaining setting; logic that looks like logic may leave us cold, but we succumb to a problem that begins:

By way of consolation for unkind criticism in the press, General Givham Biennes is made Military Governor of Neverland . . .

(This problem will be published on August 13th.)

THE MEANS TEST

CRITICS of the means test got no satisfaction from the Government in the debate before the House rose last week. To those who demand the abolition of the test the Minister of Labour delivered a homily on its necessity and its virtue. To those who object to its administration he gave a soft answer, assuring them that he was doing all he could to "smooth over indefensible discrepancies," and to have the law carried out "fairly and justly in the interests of all concerned." Very likely; but despite his efforts indefensible discrepancies continue to exist, and the law is not being administered fairly and justly to all concerned. It cannot be.

No doubt the means test, like the other flowers in the economy bunch—higher contributions, lower benefits, and the Anomalies Act—smells sweet to some noses in Whitehall and Belgravia. It has diminished the burden of Exchequer payments to the unemployed. Nor do we say that a means test is in itself indefensible. It is proper that the State before giving a man relief should be satisfied that he needs it. But the arguments used by the Minister of Labour for *a* means test are not arguments for *this* means test, and it is this means test which is in the dock. The root of the mischief lies in the use of the machinery of the Poor Law. It is true that there are certain modifications in the procedure which distinguish the transitional claimant from the ordinary public assistance case. He is to be paid wholly in cash, and not partly in kind; his payment is not to be regarded as a loan, or made conditional on his doing "test-work"; he may not be summoned for interview at a Poor Law institution, unless with the express permission of the Minister.

But to a great mass of the unemployed this is a distinction without a difference. The regulations lay it down that the local authority shall "make such inquiries and otherwise deal with the case as if they were estimating the need of an unemployed able-bodied person who had applied for public assistance." This means that the Relieving Officer investigates the personal and family circumstances of each claimant (sometimes decently, sometimes not—that will depend on the individual Relieving Officer), and reports to the Public Assistance Committee. The Committee then assesses the case for payment either at the full rate (that is, at the standard benefit rate of 15s. 3d. per week for a man, 13s. 6d. for a single woman, 8s. for a dependent wife, 2s. for a dependent child), or at any lower rate it thinks proper. Or it may reject the claim altogether. The money is paid over at the Employment Exchange and comes out of the Exchequer and not from local funds. Should the Committee think, as in many instances it well may, that the full rate is too little for subsistence, it may, if it likes, supplement it; but any such supplement is public assistance and must come out of the rates.

This thrusting of the unemployed on to the Poor Law has caused widespread resentment. It is idle to pretend that the stigma of the Poor Law is a thing of the past; it is still acutely felt among the working class. Nor is the sense of indignity much lessened by the knowledge that a transitional claimant is neither fish, flesh, nor good herring, but a quasi-pauper. Those comfortable conservatives or hard-shelled officials who call these objections to the Poor Law fudge or sentimentalism are sadly deceiving themselves. But this is not all. Gross anomalies, hardships and inequities have inevitably resulted from the handing over of the means test to the local authorities. The counties and county boroughs which do the work of public assistance are independent bodies, and, within certain limits, can exercise their own discretion about the amount of payment that shall be granted. And they do exercise it in the most diverse ways, under the influence of prejudice, principle, sentiment or political views. Mr. Tinker, M.P. for Leigh, called attention in the House of Commons last week to the discrepancy between the decisions of the county and the county boroughs in Lancashire, the former of which, he pointed out, had thirty Labour members out of a total of 140 on the council, and showed a much higher percentage of reduced payments and of rejections (or "nil determinations," as they are called) than the latter. The Minister of Labour produced recent figures to show that this discrepancy in Lancashire had been "smoothed over." But it is not confined to Lancashire; nor are the glaring differences which have existed from the outset between, say, Bristol and Birmingham, to be explained, as some would have us believe, merely or mainly by the different industrial conditions. Mr. Tinker cited the case of a man whose transitional payment was reduced on his removal from one area to another, and this reduction was not due to any change in his circumstances, but simply to the different policy of the two Public Assistance Committees. There may be, and there probably are, numbers of such cases; there are notoriously many people in precisely similar circumstances in contiguous areas getting different treatment.

It is customary for the Public Assistance Committees to work to certain guiding rules or scales in estimating the needs of claimants for transitional payment. These rules cover five main sources of income—disability pensions, compensation awards, personal savings, lodgers' rent, and the earnings of relatives. Under each head there are startling differences of practice. Some committees, e.g., Durham and the West Riding, make it their rule entirely to disregard disability pensions. Others disregard 50 per cent. of the pension, others 20 or 25 per cent. There is the same, or an even greater, divergence in the matter of compensation payments. One authority disregards the whole amount, another 15s. of it, another 7s. 6d., whilst several reckon the whole as ordinary earnings. Of the receipts from a lodger one committee will take into account 15 per cent., another 25, another 50. But it is over the questions of savings and of earning relatives that the bitterest feeling has been aroused. Some committees have demanded that before a man can be allowed transitional benefit he must realise any fruits of thrift that he has put away in investment. Others—the county boroughs in Lancashire, for instance, or Glasgow—exempt savings up to £100, others again up to only £50. Whether thrift is a virtue which ought to be encouraged in the working class we do not presume to say. But that it is not being stimulated by the adminis-

tration of the means test is quite evident. The Director of Public Assistance in Glasgow issued a report the other day in which a ray of light was thrown on this matter from a particular angle—and the ray, incidentally, became a blazing and tendentious headline in a daily paper. "Relief claimants with over £3,000 investments," said the headline! Our flesh crept—till we read that out of a total of 89,352 applicants there were 16,323 "nil determinations," and that 78 of these "nils" were possessors of invested capital from £500 to £3,000. How many of them had £3,000 we are not told; singularly few, we should imagine. But in any case, the whole army of Crœsuses amounted to 78, or less than one per thousand of all the applicants. It would be interesting if we could have light shed on the matter from another angle—in the shape of figures showing the number of persons with smaller savings, not only in Glasgow but throughout the country, who have been forced to realise their capital and up to what amount.

There remains what is called the "family income." There is the widest diversity regarding the proportion of the earnings of sons or daughters living in the home which is to be credited to the unemployed father's account. It ranges, in fact, from "all over the cost of keep" or all over 10s., to all over 25s. We do not believe that this pressure on the young to maintain their parents is good in general for either. It may be regarded as a regrettable necessity in temporary (but how temporary?) difficulties. But it is surely not a matter for smug satisfaction on the part of moralists, rejoicing in the opportunity it offers of cementing the family. It is a rotten cement. It means pinching and stinting for many thousands of boys and girls; it means uneasiness, and something akin to shame, for their parents. And it is leading, rightly or wrongly, to the disintegration of a number of homes. Finally, if the wages of relatives living in the house must be taken into account, there ought to be more uniformity and more generosity than there is at present. But neither in this nor in the other matters in which so many "indefensible discrepancies" prevail do we see any real hope of uniformity. The Minister of Labour, however good his intentions may be, cannot give orders, except of a negative kind, to the local authorities. And until the means test is taken out of the hands of the local authorities, and is unified as well as drastically revised both in principle and method, it will remain the scandal that it is to-day.

CELTS AND IRISHMEN

THE recent accentuation of the tempo of Irish politics is not due solely to the intransigence of a political leader. The music has quickened and become louder because latent emotions have come to the surface. It might be well to consider these.

Fundamentally, the clash is as ancient as history—Celt against Saxon, now made more than ever violent by the self-consciousness of the modern "Celt." Outwardly it is a question of oath and annuities. Actually a civilisation is—or is supposed to be—at stake. We may explain by a literary illustration, which is quite appropriate if we are speaking of civilisations and cultures.

First of all—is there a Celt alive? In his book on Synge, Professor Daniel Corkery made the first attempt to clarify the extreme, left-wing, ultra-nationalist Irishman's attitude to this question. It is an attitude born of a patriotic idealisation of the position and function of modern Ireland, and it replies, in effect: Yes, the Celt lives, having miraculously survived his submergence of some two or three hundred years. According to this "submerged Celt theory," the Celt has been gagged by England for the past three hundred years—by the English and their allies the Anglo-Irish—but he is now about to become again articulate, and when he does there will appear an unbroken line of tradition with the old pre-Elizabethan Celtic world. How leaky this theory is I will suggest presently, but in the meantime one must see how valuable it is to the nationalist politician. He stands before his people with the long line of Celtic heroes and writers fading into the dimness of antiquity behind him: he points backward to the days of Ireland's glory and then to the England that has crushed the language and traditions of those vanished days, and he says: We will be great again! We will have a culture and a civilisation all our own! We will weld them with our religion! But first of all we must smash every bond, great and small, that binds us to the tyrant, the pagan, the godless. The first portion of this imaginary conversation is admirable, and the second portion is intelligible, but that there is any connection between the two, at the present day, is not at all obvious. The whole thing may be nonsense, but it is at any rate an effective party cry and the mild suggestion of the Opposition that Ireland can do the first, and leave the second to wait, sounds very weak and watery beside so magnificent a cry as—Lazarus is come forth from the tomb. And, as if to accentuate all this, the nationalist voter is shown Mr. Cosgrave in silk hat and morning coat at the marriage of the daughter of the Earl of Granard, while Mr. De Valera in humble soft hat and lounge suit bears the coffin of Mrs. Pearse—the mother of Patrick Pearse—to the grave. So that if the voter does not quite follow the theory of the submerged Celt he has at least a vague idea that Mr. De Valera stands for a militant and enthusiastic and resurgent nation, while Mr. Cosgrave is at best emulating a decadent Britain, and at worst slavishly imitating it and bowing to its secretly conveyed desires. It need hardly be said that Mr. Cosgrave would consider it an honour to pay his last respects to the mother of Pearse, but his political opponents are either much too astute to allow him to borrow their thunder, or much too bitter to allow him to approach a grave that he is supposed to have betrayed.

Actually, Mr. Cosgrave's government has done an enormous amount to further the Gaelic revival in all its aspects, and the various departments concerned were hard at work on practical schemes for the teaching of Irish, the giving of financial support to the Gaelic-speaking areas, and the financing of publications in Irish, while Mr. De Valera was trying to make up his mind to enter the Dail. But these practical demonstrations make no appeal to Mr. De Valera's supporters, who are obviously so bitten by Anglophobia that they can think of nothing clearly but their hate, and whose vision of a great Irish nation, though it is essential to their enthusiasm, has never been expressed in any detailed, practical, human scheme.

The tragedy of all this, if one may say so without being irreverent, is that there is no Lazarus in the tomb, and it is one of the greatest tragedies in history, this not merely death but utter extinction of the Celt, an extinction for which England will never and should never be forgiven. Let us return for a moment to the theory. What is the historian to do with the last three hundred years while the Celt has been slumbering in the graveclothes? Surely O'Connell and Parnell were not submerged Celts? And as surely they were not Anglo-Irish allies of English rule? And those others—allies or opponents of theirs—Mangan, Mitchel, Davis, Kickham, Carleton—where are we to place these? The propagandist has, it need not be said, foreseen

the objection and he has attempted to forestall it by inventing a third class called "Colonial Irish." (So that, after all, Ireland, despite its protestations to the contrary, *was* a British colony since 1600?) In this colony, the theory goes on, there were three unblending races—the Anglo-Irish (really English and living only, to be sure, in the big houses and the Viceregal Lodge); the Colonials (Parnell and Davis and Pearse and Collins); and the submerged Celt (unidentifiable after 1800, unless in places like Aran, and before that represented by the Gaelic poetasters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries). Here the bottom falls out of the theory, for one would inevitably expect these tragically anonymous "submerged Celts" to blend gradually with the Colonial Irish—or as we would say the modern Irish, in which case there would be no submerged Celt left to-day. Which is obviously the pitiable truth. Take the case of Michael Collins. His father was an Irish speaker who knew several languages besides; he had been educated by a hedge-schoolmaster—a probable remnant of the eighteenth-century Gaelic world. Collins himself did not speak Irish. On the professor's own showing he is a Colonial.

But this is to anticipate a problem which Irishmen of all parties have yet to consider, and which was just coming into the open when Mr. De Valera and his enthusiasts seized on it and confused it by making the whole question of the Celtic revival ancillary to a party-cry of a "free" and "independent" Republic.

There can be no doubt that he has thereby given new momentum to an enthusiasm which was in grave danger of dying before the cold light of a reasonable survey; he has given his party a vigorous and popular appeal; but whether he can make any practical contribution to the development of a genuine Irish civilisation is doubtful. In other words, just as Ireland was beginning to find that, after all its centuries of fighting, life went on very much the same as before, he has given old dreams a new lease of life, and old dreamers and young dreamers naturally flock to him as men flocked to Moses from Pharaoh.

The extreme Irish nationalist, unhappily, has neither respect for nor interest in English culture. He has either heard of its superiority so often that he ends by hating and even fearing it, burying himself instead in thoughts of the real or mythical past of his own nation—or, if he has some interest in it, feels it difficult to find its outer manifestation in English life. He is not widely read, or cultivated, or leisured—the same is true, of course, of the average Britisher, but it scarcely matters so very much in his case since he has much less individuality and is willing to be led by his betters; and when he pays a rare visit to England it is to be shocked by Brighton, or to lose himself in a Lyons' palace, or be wicked at the Holborn Empire, or watching the Regent Street night-parade. And even if he scrapes a little deeper what will he find but a theatre that is either superficially smart or brainlessly naughty; an advance showing of cheap American films; a thriller-press; cities without a distinctive architecture, distinctive painting, or distinctive music? And when he returns home what does Great Britain send him but the same wretched Sunday press and the same wretched bedroom farces?

There is no part of the Fianna Fail policy which is not inspired and invigorated by the enthusiastic vision of a resurgent Celtic nation. Its policy of an almost embarrassingly exaggerated protection of native industries, its historical approach to the question of annuities, its dread of compromising its position by discussion with British statesmen, all spring from the same intense patriotic emotion which, if it will only spill over into some practical human result and does not exhaust or satiate itself in hate and jingoistic display, is not to be derided. At any rate, it is something which Englishmen should attempt to understand. They should remember, too, that Ireland as little understands or sympathises with English points of view as they do with Irish, and no lasting peace can ever come between the two nations except by this mutual understanding, and sympathy, and respect.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN.

A LONDON DIARY

SOME weeks ago I had a long and illuminating talk with Mr. De Valera. I did not record it at the time because it was a private conversation. But in view of the popular impression of him it seems worth while saying that as a person to talk with Mr. De Valera is not at all the dour, sour and humourless person he is supposed to be. Indeed, I found him quite capable of laughter, and I am not alone in finding him personally charming. But, then, I have not negotiated with him. His mind is full of history—a subject which I expect Mr. Thomas agrees with Mr. Ford in thinking "all bunk." And it is true that he has a political philosophy and is interested in abstract ideas. But it is quite a mistake to think him unpractical. He simply believes that the practical way of dealing with England is to make up your own mind what you want, say what you are going to do, and then do it, whatever the consequences. That is an awkward and unusual state of mind, but not an unpractical one. I gather that his opinion of Mr. MacDonald is not so very different from Mr. MacDonald's opinion of him. The story of the preliminaries to their meeting last week runs something like this. After a lot of argument Mr. MacDonald was persuaded to invite Mr. De Valera to discuss the Labour scheme of an Arbitration Board, two members to be appointed by either side. Mr. MacDonald consented, but added, "Tell Mr. De Valera that I want to discuss the facts and not talk philosophy for an hour." Mr. De Valera was then rung up and at length agreed, after earnest exhortations from Mr. Lansbury, to come. "But," he added, "please tell Mr. MacDonald that I only want to discuss realities. I don't want to come over for an hour's conversation about philosophic principles."

* * *

The negotiations are reported to have finally broken down on the most absurd of punctilios. The British Government wanted the Land Annuity moneys "paid into court"; Mr. De Valera insisted that they were well enough in a suspense account in Dublin. He might, I think, have added that only a small proportion of them are in his possession at all. For, having announced at the election that he would not pay the money to England and that two-thirds of it would be spent for the benefit of the Irish farmer, the Irish farmer replied in effect that in that case it scarcely seemed worth going through the formality of paying the money to Mr. De Valera. I heard of one or two farmers who had an uneasy fear that if the money was not paid to England their title deeds would not be clear. So they made inquiries of a friend of mine whether there was any way by which they could circumvent Mr. De Valera and pay the money direct to Whitehall.

* * *

I commented the other day on some examples of the curious use or misuse of the English language by our leading politicians. These Irish negotiations provide another instance. After the breakdown an official statement was issued from Downing Street. In its wording I think I detect the pen or voice of Mr. MacDonald himself. Now, when he comes to the crucial point of defining the position taken up by the British Government, this is the sentence which he produces:

> The British Government, anxious for a settlement of the annuities question, were willing for arbitration by a specially set up body, *or for further discussion as to whether direct contact could be maintained between the Governments on a means of finding a settlement of the financial questions at issue.*

The clause which I have put in italics has on my mind the effect of a verbal kaleidoscope, and I have some difficulty in

concentrating my attention upon it long enough to grasp its tenuous and evanescent meaning. After repeated efforts and profound thought I have come to the conclusion that this clause means nothing more than :

> The British Government is willing for further discussion as to whether further discussion can be maintained on the discussion of the financial questions at issue.

If not, what *does* it mean ?

* * *

Everyone knows that the secrets of the Cabinet are more than usually sacred, but Cabinet secrets—like all secrets—have a habit of leaking out. Sooner or later they arrive in Fleet Street. I am told that the decision at the last moment to cancel the broadcast of the U-Boat commander, Ernst Hashagen, came from the Cabinet itself. One can hardly imagine a sillier or more petty intervention by the Government in the business of the B.B.C. I understand that they banned not only Commander Hashagen's broadcast last Saturday, but another talk which he was going to give jointly with one of our submarine commanders. This naval officer during the war was in command of a submarine which engaged Commander Hashagen's U Boat. The British submarine was sunk, and the commander was captured by the German. When the U Boat came alongside him in the water he said to Commander Hashagen : " Well, I suppose you are going to kill me now." The reply was : " Don't be an ass ; come on board." The two became friends, and their friendship has outlived the war. They were to discuss their experiences in a broadcast talk. But the National Government has put its foot down, its noble, national British foot, and the voice of Commander Hashagen is not to be allowed on British wavelengths.

* * *

The muck contributed by Mrs. Barney to Lord Rothermere's Sunday newspaper called forth some vehement protests, and I see that her promised article for last Sunday was withdrawn because " Mrs. Barney is so overwrought, as a result of the severe strain to which she was recently subjected, that her health has broken down." She was, it seems, writing the articles in order to clear her character, and had refused to take any payment for them. The incident recalls a story of Northcliffe which is told, in company with many other good Northcliffe stories, in Mr. Wareham Smith's *Spilt Ink* (Benn, 10s. 6d.). The " life story " of Ethel Le Neve, the woman connected with the Crippen case, was appearing in one of the Northcliffe papers. *Punch* produced a cartoon of Northcliffe, waist high in a sea of filth, calling out to spectators : " Throw us another copper and I'll wallow in it." Northcliffe knew as well as anyone that an amalgam of sex and crime is the very best selling material—apart, of course, from a war. But he was sensitive to criticism and the series was at once discontinued.

* * *

Talk of legislation in these matters does not amount to much. As long as newspapers are run for private profit there can be no effective check except the level of the lowest common factor of public taste. But some day I hope to see a revolt among journalists themselves. For this rushing after anyone who is notorious, this assumption that anyone who has been found not guilty of a murder or who has got mixed up in some sordid scandal is thereby constituted a journalist who can command high prices for articles on any subject (which need not be written by the person who signs the articles), is destroying the profession. Many of the popular papers have now ceased to be newspapers. Full of " human interest," they have no space for any attempt to present to the public any picture of the world's affairs. And as this " magazine " tendency develops the papers which both aim at a big circulation and retain some sense of responsibility find their job increasingly difficult. The progress of the *Daily Herald* is worth noticing. It has now, I think, more pictures of bathing girls—who appear monotonously on almost every page—than any other paper, but it retains something of its old character by occasional good articles and correspondence from abroad and by a full page of Parliamentary news and another devoted to industrial affairs. The *News Chronicle* is, it seems to me, really to be congratulated on the high level of its foreign news service in face of the competition it meets. Alone among the large circulation papers it consistently attempts to give a picture of the international situation on its front page. Sir Walter Layton's daily messages from Lausanne were the best popular antidotes to the incredibly stupid nationalism of the Rothermere and Beaverbrook papers. There is a large public which wants foreign news. It sells less well, of course, than Mrs. Barney and the Rector of Stiffkey, but the *News Chronicle* does prove that a decent compromise is possible even for a paper which competes in the popular market.

* * *

From an account of the recent naval manœuvres in a London daily paper :

> Divisions are mustered. The band plays " Voices of the Guns," and standing beneath the 15-inch muzzles, we sing in the bright sunlight " Hark, My Soul, it is the Lord "—a strangely moving proceeding. The next moment we are down to brass tacks. . . .

CRITIC.

WANTLESS

MAN wants but little here below it has been said, nor wants that little long. Hence the need for advertising. Those who have goods to sell look round them and behold a vast multitude of their short-lived fellow-creatures walking about with lack-lustre eyes as though desire had perished in them. In those eyes there is not the hint of a dream about a new soap, a new pair of shoes, or a new fountain-pen. Rather there is a look of resigned contentment, of indifference in the midst of too many possessions. The advertiser, believing that somewhere in every human being there exists a soul, sets out to discover that soul and to awaken it to the longing for clothes, complexion cream, new methods of treating the hair, and all the secular secrets of beauty. To the most melancholy of men he promises a paradise of happiness on condition that he buys an armchair of the newest model. You may not want a book, but the advertiser makes you begin to wonder whether life will be worth living if you do not purchase his novels. You may have several fountain-pens already, but the advertiser makes out an excellent case for believing that you will never be quite happy in your penmanship if you do not possess the same kind of fountain-pen as that with which the delegates at Lausanne signed their names to the historic agreement, or as that with which Mr. Priestley wrote *Faraway*. You may loathe the thought of a long sea voyage, but do you not vacillate when, in an advertisement of Indian travel, you read : " Winter is spring in the land where from November to March the climate is perfect, and the green landscape swims in a bath of sunshine under a cloudless sky. Escape chills, changes, showers and fogs and go to India next winter."

I do not know how the advertisers can afford to advertise, however, because, if we can judge by the appearance of the human race, very few men and women purchase the precious wares that are offered to them. If everybody did what the advertisers advise, everybody would be happy and healthy and beautiful ; do not the advertisements themselves say so ? Yet the person who is at once happy and healthy and beautiful is still a rarity. How many people do you meet during a walk along the Strand who look as if they had begun the day with a plateful of that excellent breakfast food of which it is written : " Sun-mellowed flakes of Indian corn, crackling with sheer goodness. In each delicious helping there's a rich source of energy—quickly released energy that puts vim and vigour into you at once " ? High o'er the fence leaped Sunny Jim once upon

a time, but how many Sunny Jims will you see leaping into the air in Fleet Street to-day? There are tablets, again, which are known to "replace black depression with cheery optimism." What madness is in the blood of half the human race that they continue to darken the summer with their elongated visages? Even a bottle of stout would do them good, but, knowing this, they obstinately prefer to remain in the gloomy slavery of tectotalism. As for beer, who but an imbecile could reject such an offer of health and good spirits as is contained in the advertisement which affirms that it is "so rich—with the honest taste of finest hops. So clear—with crystal bubbles dancing in amber depths. So satisfying—mending the biggest thirst with its clear and sparkling bitterness. Putting heart into you. Throwing wide the gates of laughter and good fellowship. Great stuff." Alas! I know only one man who by his behaviour gives evidence that he is a worthy beer-drinker. Perhaps it is that the others do not drink enough of it.

Women, I fancy, are the worst offenders in their thick-skinned indifference to advertisements. Every woman's magazine and woman's page in the newspapers contains enough advertisements to transform the female sex into a race of Helens if women would but purchase the wares recommended. Here, for example, is a "new hair fashion" which is "of the sculpture type, neat, charming, provokingly attractive, and remains unruffled for days, no matter how much the hair is combed." Yet the provokingly attractive woman remains an exception in London to-day. Again, there is a beauty-parlour in Mayfair where "all you do is lie back in the gloriously comfortable *chaise longue* and dream happy dreams of loveliness to come." Were I a woman, I doubt if I could resist the lure of that parlour. "Tinting your lips, your cheeks, your brows, lids and lashes with make-up that harmonises with your costume. Applying exactly the right shade of powder. Every move a carefully thought out constructive one, working towards the delightful climax . . . that moment when you raise your head from the cushions, and search the mirror to find yourself face to face with your new-found loveliness." Surely a goddess has come down to earth to recreate the misshapen faces of mortals. Yet the race, while it may have grown prettier during the present century, has not yet grown conspicuously beautiful. Our eyes would dazzle every time we glanced round the tables in a West End restaurant if women as a whole would but obey the advertisement and submit to the application of those lovely tints. Age itself need not wither a face while there is paint and powder in the world. Yet apparently many women do not even want to be beautiful. The advertisers must advertise still more: they must put more evangelistic fervour into their advertising. That is what is needed in order that these would-be benefactors of mankind may come into their own.

Not long ago, a little book called *Prose of Persuasion* was published, containing examples of the noble appeals of the advertiser to the common man and woman—examples which show his splendid efforts to create wants in us who are so wantless. Seldom have I felt during the past forty years a craving for condensed milk, but I confess I became aware of a strange hunger of the imagination when I read the advertisement of tinned milk which begins: "There is a meadow ankle deep in rich clover grass. Cows are feeding in it." Again, I was conscious of no desire for biscuits till I began to read: "'Although a clergyman's daughter, I have drained many a biscuit-tin to the dregs,' said the beautiful visitor with a hard laugh." I had for years been content with the mattress on which I lie, but I began to yearn for something better when an advertiser cunningly inquired: "Does it receive every varying contour of your body—each aching limb and jaded nerve—and give it not a negative but a positive delight," and invited me to buy a new mattress which "waits for you as though to welcome you, and adds to sleep a bloom which is as the very bloom of the grape." Who would not purchase such sleep even though he had to sell his gramophone to pay for it? Yet such is the inertia of the wantless human being that I sleep on the old mattress still.

Some day I will buy one of those character-forming systems that are advertised and, with my will strengthened, will rise out of my sloth and buy some of the things I do not want. I will buy a raincoat (though I have one already) because the advertiser bids me: "Wear it when the heavens are pouring. How dry it keeps you, how cool! . . . Carry it on your arm when the weather can't make up its mind—how light it is and neatly folded. Take it with you every morning. Wear it anywhere, anytime. Never creases, always looks smart. Wear it for years." I will buy an enormous supply of shirts and collars because I learn from an advertiser that "for years people have been coming to us with terrible tales of their Atlantic troubles. They have told us of finding themselves east of Ambrose Light or west of the Lizard, desperate for shirts and collars, very short of flannels and ties." I will buy trunks and sauces and tinned salmon and headache-cures and gin and champagne and wireless sets and a ticket to Felixstowe and jam and jewels and baking-powder and a camera and a cure for baldness and seats in a cinema and razor-blades of the kind that I do not use and lemon squash and an ideal home and bulbs (floral and electric) and a life insurance and motor-tyres and a fly-swatter and a yo-yo and so pack my house with them that I shall scarcely be able to make my way past them up the stairs to bed. Man wants but little here below, but the advertisers are putting an end to all that. If only I had enough money, I am beginning to feel that I would either buy all the things that are advertised or set up an advertising agency.

Y. Y.

THE REIGN OF ANTI-SEMITISM

A CRUSADE of anti-Semitism has been raging from the Rhine to the Vistula, and from the Baltic to the Aegean Sea, during the past six months, with a vindictiveness that almost surpasses all previous manifestations of anti-Jewish hatred since the end of the war. The peace settlement included a series of minorities treaties that were designed to safeguard the civil and political rights of the Jews, as well as the security of their lives and property, in almost all the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, but, whilst those treaties are being observed for the most part in the letter, they are being violated both in the letter and in the spirit in certain States, and the League of Nations is apparently unable to effect any redress.

The wrongs to which the Jews have been subjected are both of a physical and a moral nature. They have been brutally attacked—to name only a few places—in Berlin and Vienna, in Warsaw and Vilna, in Bucarest and Salonika. Jewish students in particular have been the unfortunate victims of outbursts of hooliganism that have disgraced the universities of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland and Rumania, and they are finding increasing difficulty in being admitted to those seats of learning. Synagogues have been disfigured with the anti-Semitic "Swastika," or damaged, or destroyed, in different parts; houses have been broken into; shops have been looted. In Germany alone, during the last few years, over 130 Jewish cemeteries have been desecrated, mostly by youthful vandals, who take a fiendish joy in the smashing of tombstones. The slanderous legend of ritual murder has been revived and innocent Jews have been put on trial. Numerous newspapers, especially those under the influence of Adolf Hitler in Germany and Professor Cuza in Rumania, indulge in a veritable orgy of abusive accusation, preaching economic boycott, and threatening the Jews with confiscation of property, dis-

franchisement, and even banishment, if these paladins of patriotism should come into power.

The attitude of the different governments to these outbursts of savagery has varied. The German Government has done its utmost to counteract the terrorism carried on by the Nazis, but its hand is not felt everywhere with equal force. The Polish Government took energetic steps to suppress the anti-Jewish riots that raged at the universities a few months ago, though in its legislation and administrative practice it continues to show anti-Jewish discrimination. The Rumanian Government has displayed less effort than any other country to crush or even to check the anti-Semitic abuses within its borders, and no change of Cabinet produces any change in the Jewish situation. These Governments, and probably also those of the other countries concerned, may plead in extenuation of the wrongs perpetrated in their midst the racial enmity or the bitterness of desperation engendered by the growth of unemployment and poverty, as though the Jews are not equally the victims of economic distress. But what no government can defend is the injustice that is committed against the Jews in connection with cases of assault or destruction that may be heard in its courts, or that may be deliberately withheld from the courts. There are three such cases of recent occurrence that deserve to be widely known.

Last July a Greek mob sacked a Jewish quarter in Salonika, and burned down the dwellings of fifty-four Jewish families, the synagogue, the school, and other communal buildings. The local authorities tried to put the blame upon the Jews themselves by falsely alleging that they had been the aggressors, but M. Venizelos declared in the Chamber that the disorders had been fomented by a local chauvinist organisation and that justice would be done. After the lapse of nine months, during which the authorities made extensive inquiries, eleven persons were put on trial. A feature of the proceedings was an attempt to prove the genuineness of the discredited "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" by way of extenuation of the charge. On April 17th the jury found eight of the accused not guilty, and three guilty of incendiarism. The court thereupon pronounced a verdict of not guilty in all instances.

The second case relates to Poland. In the course of the violent attacks upon Jewish students that took place last November at the universities of Cracow, Warsaw, Vilna, Lemberg, and Posen, there was a ferocious assault, in which stonethrowing played a prominent part, upon a Jewish district in Vilna. Over a hundred persons were injured and over a hundred shops were devastated. In a scuffle a Polish student was hit, and died later of his injuries. The punishments inflicted by the authorities, after due process of law, make strange reading. One non-Jewish student was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, another to seven days, and the editor of a Polish paper, found guilty of anti-Jewish incitement, was fined 200 zloty (about £6 10s.) or in default one month's imprisonment; on the other hand, six Jews were sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging from two months to three years. In connection with the death of the Polish student, two Jews were put on trial, but the case against them completely collapsed, as the principal witness against them, a girl of low reputation, was found to have committed perjury and was arrested. On the other hand, another Jewish student, who was put on trial at the same time for alleged participation in the excesses, was found guilty on April 18th and condemned to two years' imprisonment. The judge, in pronouncing the sentence, made a remarkable speech, in which he declared that "the Jews are animated by a great profound enmity against Christians in general, and against the Poles in particular, since the days of the Inquisition, when Jews were burnt at the stake." And as though this were not enough, another five Jews are to be put on trial on the charge of taking part in the riots that were directed against them.

The third case relates to Rumania. On March 23rd, some 200 members of the "Iron Guard," an anti-Semitic student organisation, held a meeting in their hall at Jassy to protest against some legal measures projected by the government in regard to the qualifications of advocates. In anticipation of trouble, the local authorities had a goodly muster of infantry, cavalry, and gendarmerie, who made a cordon around the building in which the students were assembled. Despite the imposing presence of these armed forces, the students sallied forth from their hall and attacked a synagogue in the same street. They smashed the windows, demolished the furniture, devastated the interior, stole many valuable ornaments, and desecrated ten scrolls of the Law, which they carried out into the street and burned on a bonfire. Against the perpetrators of these acts of destruction, spoliation and desecration, no action has been taken. The Rumanian Government has contented itself with the dissolution of the "Iron Guard."

These three cases are unfortunately not unique in the recent history of the ill-treatment to which the Jews are subjected in certain parts of the Continent. But they illustrate the state of outlawry in which millions of Jews are unfortunately now living, and they afford an ominous foreboding of developments that may yet occur in the future unless the governments concerned resolve to put their houses in order, both in the interest of their own domestic welfare and in the interest of their good name among civilised humanity.

ISRAEL COHEN.

PATRIOTISM FOR PRATTLERS

"PRAY what is the test," little Henry inquired,
"For assessing a patriot's worth;
Since even a Socialist's often inspired
By a love for the land of his birth;

"And it doesn't seem true that one party alone
To the flag of its country pays deference?"
"But the depth of their love," said the Tory, "is shown
By its solid cash value in preference."

"We display," cried the Nazis, "our love for the State
By our flagrant contempt for its laws;
For the use of revolvers to silence debate
Is the mark of the patriot cause."

"A patriot's one," came a voice from Japan,
"Who is willing to steal for the nation,
And by flouting the League, to engender a plan
For his country's complete isolation."

"To distinguish," quoth Winston, "the wheat from the chaff,
I can give you an excellent test:
He will ham-string a peace for the sake of a laugh
And endanger his land for a jest."

"Alas!" sobbed the child, "I must forfeit my claim
To a patriot's rank, though a dumb one;
For it seems that I value my country's fair fame
A great deal too much to become one."

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

EMPIRE ARBITRATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I venture to suggest that your correspondent, J. H. Harley, is incorrect in stating that it was *agreed* at the Imperial Conference of 1930 to refer all disputes of a judicable kind arising between nations of the British Commonwealth to a Tribunal of Five Members, who could be selected from any part of the Empire?

A suggestion that such a Tribunal would be the most suitable

for adjusting inter-Imperial differences was, on the whole, favoured, but no agreement was found possible, partly, though not wholly, on account of the Irish Free State's Minister (representing Mr. Cosgrave's Government, be it noted) refusing to commit himself or his Government and who abstained from partjcipation on the subject. As a matter of "principle" it was considered that such an Empire Tribunal should settle all inter-Commonwealth of Nations differences. This is the "principle" which President De Valera, perhaps justly, objects to, on the grounds that it was considered suitable by a few only of the nations in conference—but which was not even entertained by the Free State delegates.

M. M. LEYDEN.

1 King's Cross Road, W.C.1.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As a student of Anglo-Irish politics I read the following crystallisation of a section of English opinion (taken from an English Sunday newspaper of July 10th) with deep interest:

> The question is, does Mr. De Valera intend to keep Ireland within the Empire and thus reap the fruits of preference: or does he intend to take her out, telling the economic advantages, like the devil, to get behind him? There has been far too much verbiage lavished on what is in fact a very simple problem.

But is the problem as simple as all that? And, above all, is it one-sided? Might it not be re-stated (from this side of the Irish Sea) as follows:

> Does Britain intend to fulfil the dreams and aspirations of her best brains in that magnificent political aspiration, the British Commonwealth of Nations, or does she intend to return to economic Imperialism under another guise?

There seems in fact to be room for a great deal harder, and in a sense more platitudinous, thinking on the part of British statesmen. Obviously there is a fatal contradiction in British external policy at the present time, a contradiction only too glaringly patent to the foreign observer. At one moment Britain is talking about the League of Nations, peace, and international disarmament; at the next she is threatening with the Big Imperial Stick the one nation upon which her Commonwealth of Nations depends—as a commonwealth: for unless the Commonwealth can find a place for Kathleen Ni Houlihan herself, *as herself*, then it breaks down as a commonwealth of nations at the very first test of its reality—its power to include something foreign to itself. And if it *does* break down, then let us hear no more about British ideals of peace and world-brotherhood!

In brief, which is the real voice of Britain—the voice which speaks at Lausanne and Geneva, or the rather raucous noises we hear floating across the St. George's Channel? And where, oh where, is the British Liberal Party?

DENIS IRELAND.

90 Eglantine Avenue,
Belfast.

AN INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—While we are discussing the problems of national price-levels and the exchanges, it may be worth while to bear in mind that there is a theoretical solution for the difficulty of keeping the nations in step—namely, to abolish the exchanges by using an international currency.

Gold coin—or rather, the gold in coins—used to provide such a currency. Wear and tear and adulteration had to be allowed for, but so long as individuals could pay for foreign goods in ordinary legal tender, Flemish weavers, say, could buy English wool without affecting an exchange rate and making it more expensive for any other Flamand to buy goods from England.

As soon as notes took the place of gold coin this one overwhelming advantage of gold disappeared. The bullion which moved under the gold standard to make up the balance of international payments was quite a different story. It came from the reserves of banks, affected their book-keeping, and as it left a country took with it something like ten times its own amount of possible bank credit. A shipment of ten or twenty millions in gold—which should be a bagatelle in comparison with the total volume of international trade—might be and often was an industrial disaster for the country losing it. And this must be true of any system based on relatively small amounts of gold, or gold and silver, or anything else.

If, on the other hand, nations rely entirely on their own paper currencies, every foreign loan, change in tariff rates, import or export of goods and international payments falls directly on the exchanges, because each transaction must be accompanied by a purchase, in some form, of foreign money. So to pay money out, or to bring goods in, begins to wear the aspect of a crime against patriotism.

This is quite unnecessary, and if we all used notes issued by the Bank of International Settlements it would not happen. For the moment a universal currency may be impossible of achievement, but political impossibilities are maintained by circumstances, and who knows what the circumstances of even the next ten years will be?

AMBER BLANCO WHITE.

44 Downshire Hill, N.W.3.

CONVERSION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am interested in the remarks of "Torcador" two weeks ago and the letters from two correspondents last week regarding the effect of the Conversion Scheme of 5 per cent. War Loan upon "long" Government Stocks. My holding of Government Stock is in Local Loans 3 per cent. Stock, which I bought about thirty years ago at 99½ per cent. Even with the rise during the past few weeks my capital is still worth considerably less than what was invested originally. Even if Government credit returns to a 3 per cent. level old investors like myself will only be then restored to par. Is this an injustice to either Government or stockholders?

COUNTRY READER.

Balmule House,
Limekiln's Quarry,
By Dunfermline.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to ask by what *right* the Lords Commissioners of H.M. Treasury can set out the £3 10s. per cent. War Loan and *imply* that the interest *will be paid*, for *twenty* years, till 1952. It is not possible in English law to pledge the infant to pay anything twenty years hence. It is not possible to prevent a strong Socialist Government from putting down the interest (in 1940, say) to 2 per cent.: and in 1942 to 1 per cent.: and "scrapping the lot" in 1943. The House of Commons of one date *cannot* bind a *new* House five years later. I venture to say the whole scheme is a *deception to the people*, even though not *meant* by the Chancellor to be a deception.

GILBERT T. SADLER, M.A., LL.B.

Fielden House,
West Didsbury, Manchester.

STERILISATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The letters in your last issue call for little reply from me. My facts and figures are apparently not seriously disputed; and it is those alone which have led me to my conclusions. I am unprejudiced in this matter and am quite ready to consider any fresh evidence and to modify my conclusions if that evidence seems to me valid and relevant. Meanwhile, so far as I am concerned, my article stands. I should like to return Mr. Gallichan's compliment by saying that "generally" I am as much in agreement with his views as he with mine. In the present instance I think that he has, in revolting against an old convention, fallen victim to a new one. I agree with him that legal sterilisation differs but in degree from "a number of compulsory interferences with liberty to which we submit in this country"; but I object to quite a number of these interferences on the ground of their social uselessness. Mr. Cutler and Dr. Blacker have a queer notion of "voluntariness." "Though not capable of giving a legally valid consent," the "private attitude" of high-grade defectives is, they tell us, to be interpreted by experts. It is "this private attitude" which the secretaries of the Eugenics Society "have in mind" when they "speak of the measure being voluntary." In addition to the 300,000 certifiable defectives in this country, it appears that it is sought to bring the whole of the "so-called Social Problem group, which contains an unknown proportion of defectives" within the purview of the proposed legislation. My suspicions do not appear to be altogether groundless.

Apart from the heredity issue, it is, of course, obvious that

pronouncedly mentally defective parents are not likely to be ideal trainers of children. But here we enter on a very large field of discussion. Intellectual limitations may well be thought of less importance in this matter than emotional and instinctive characteristics. Cruelty, egoism and uncharitableness, even when combined with the highest intellectual ability, make up a parental outfit that seems to me far more potential for evil than one composed of kindliness and sympathy even when combined with poor capacity for abstract thought. The problems of child nurture are open to methods of solution very different from those suggested—methods, as I think, much more likely to be effective.

Mr. Vyvyan Adams' letter is hard to follow. The suggestion that my article "deliberately thrusts" the sterilisation question "into the field of party politics" puzzles me. Surely this question is one simply of science, expediency and humanity. Those interested in it, sympathetically or unsympathetically, are pretty evenly distributed among all the political parties. Resistance to collective action at the expense of individual liberty is not usually thought to be characteristic of Socialist propaganda or of the Socialist mind. The Committee set up by the British Medical Association, the publication of whose report formed the occasion of my article, was certainly not a Committee of Socialists or of "Labour sympathisers." My conclusions—though stated in less formal language—differ but little from those to which the Committee was driven by the evidence which their elaborate and impartial investigations yielded. HARRY ROBERTS.

63 Harford Street, E.1.

PHILOSOPHERS IN CONGRESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read the comment in your "London Diary" of last week on the recent Congress of Philosophers at Reading, and noted the interesting question with which it ends as to the meaning of the changed tone of its discussions. I do not pretend to any such faculty of "reading between lines" or discerning the "unconscious" motives of my neighbours as that to which the writer of the comment appeals. But as one of the oldest adherents of both of the Associations that met at Reading I should like, with your permission, to suggest that the change which he rightly characterises as one from the subjective and relative to the objective and absolute in the treatment of the values, indicated by such terms as truth, beauty, the good and the right, is capable of a much simpler and less ambiguous interpretation than that which he seems to favour. So far from being a movement in the direction of anything that could be called authoritarianism, either in politics or theology, it seems to me to owe its attraction, and, I venture to think, its truth, to its being the exact contrary. It is perhaps unfortunate that a word with such sinister associations as "absolute" should have found its way in this connection into philosophy. All that is meant by it as applied to these values could be equally well expressed by the simpler terms "real," "intrinsic," or, as it was put at the Congress, "worth having for its own sake." Whatever the term used, what is meant is that these ideas stand for realities which are independent of individual, sectional, national, even terrestrial valuations of them, and for features that must be the dominant ones in any life that is worth living whether in this or any other world. There was little, perhaps too little, heard at the Congress of the practical and political corollaries of such a form of realism. So far as there was any reference to these it was in the direction of insisting that all political developments, authoritarian, proletarian or other, are in the end bound to fail unless inspired, controlled and guided by faith in the possibility of a form of social organisation pervious at every pore to the influence of these ideas, instead of everywhere obstructing it by partisan appeals to the cruder acquisitive instincts of individuals, classes and races. Communities which take their stand on this large conception of the meaning of political justice, founded in belief in these values as the most real things in the world, have nothing to fear from any "floods" that may wash their temporary structures down. They will be confident that wherever they get a fair chance these ideals will win acknowledgment for themselves, as containing the secret of what makes life worth living. What is wrong with these floods at present and constitutes them a danger to civilisation is that they are engineered by cliques of men who have knives of their own to grind and are subjectivists and relativists in the worst sense of these words. All this will seem high-browed, impractical nonsense to the ordinary statesman and the unregenerate nation; but is one wrong in hoping that it will find some response in a journal that stands for the New Statesman and Nation? J. H. MUIRHEAD.

Rotherfield.

THE SAVAGE PILGRIMAGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We are advised that a book issued by ourselves, *The Savage Pilgrimage*, contains libellous statements concerning MR. J. Middleton Murry. We exceedingly regret the publication of these statements and tender our unreserved apology. The book has been as far as possible withdrawn. We shall be glad if you will kindly give this apology the hospitality of your columns.

97–99 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

DESTITUTION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In the "London Diary" of July 2nd, Critic quotes a case of a man with a good job who fell seriously ill and went to hospital, and states that his wife received 10s. worth of food from the Public Assistance Authority to keep herself and three children for one week. He omits two considerations. One that the man would have drawn his wages up to the day he fell ill and left work, and that when he left work he would sign on the panel, and become entitled to N.H.I. benefits within five days of so doing. The wife should therefore have had something to carry her on, and would not have been destitute the moment he fell out of work.

With reference to the second case—that of an unemployed man—he, too, would have had his wages to carry on with to cover the gap before he drew his U.I.B. just as he would have had had he continued in work until he received the following week's wages.

MEMBER OF A PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE.

[Critic writes: "The facts are: In the first case the woman did not apply for relief until she was destitute and had nothing whatever to eat in her home. She was, perhaps, foolish, but she hoped her husband was not seriously ill, and she had never had to apply for relief before. As to Health Insurance Benefit—is the writer of the above letter really not aware that the money never comes at once—sometimes not for weeks after application? In the second case the wages left over after a period of intermittent employment were insufficient to tide over a week's gap." —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

THE MYSTERIES OF BLOOMSBURY

(Or, the Reply to a Young Man who in an interval after dinner at Udolpho's, the novelist's, said publicly that he wished to become a writer.)

MY DEAR EDWARD,

Your letter comes as a shock: I had regarded the incident as closed. It was unfortunate that the thing should have happened at my house, with so many nosey people about, but there it was. Now you send, not apologies, but this libellous, pestering, following-up letter, as though you had made a hit! What do you mean by putting such a thing in the post? You know my distrust of the public services.

What worries me most, though, is that you should have written such lies. You impute things to me I have never said, never even thought, but which actually you have said yourself. This is the last straw. I never told you that Willy blackmails his publishers (though it is well known), or that Helen writes her poems on a Ouija board—I happen to know that that is not the case. But if it gets about, as in this spy-infested area it is sure to, *she* will look ridiculous (there is no denying a rumour of that sort) and *I* shall get the blame. Do be more careful what you write. My relations with these people are difficult enough as it is, and though

you may laugh, I simply can't afford to quarrel with them. They are as touchy as cats—like a family meeting of cats and dogs. You noticed at that party the other night?—the exquisite arch of fury, the slinking shaggy growl. The editor of the *Gardening Gazette*, which reviews my books, is as bad as that owl-faced poet with the sombrero. When one sees them all together for the first time, charmingly at ease and contrasted, one thinks how pretty and odd and distinct they are, the result no doubt of long fancy-breeding; or they recall the creatures in a child's Noah's Ark. But one kick will start the fur flying!

Since you mean to be a writer (I am taking you at your word) you will have to know these people. Let me warn you, they are bores, however amusing for a while. One (you do not know him) reads Proust, breathes Proust, reclines all day under a Victorian quilt or in a hot bath, gently renewed from time to time, recalling the vapours and orange lights of innumerable earlier baths. His markings are all *du temps perdu*, and when in the evening he creeps along the wall of Swann's Way by Lincoln's Inn Fields, conning the lamps and bits of orange-peel and taking the newspaper man's salute at the corner, to emerge at last dimly with a masonic look I-have-seen-you-all-here-before in the after-dinner gathering at So-and-so's; imagine then that his host, who is malicious or absent-minded, refers to him audibly behind his back as *Old Jollypot, the authority on Dickensian London*. London! Dickens! That snaps his thread-of-consciousness! The hot baths and sleepless nights, perfect summer days when his mind has buzzed like a fly indoors—all broken, broken and lost. *Du temps perdu*, now they are that indeed! The long game of Patience, with all the cards scattered on the floor, must be begun again.

Another is the victim of suspicion. He believes that his manuscripts are being stolen and cribbed, or returned with sly corrections faked in his own handwriting. When he goes out, he is followed by spies who watch all that he sees, who overhear the same conversations. His literary material, his carefully gleaned "copy," is then whisked off through a detective agency to Gorboduc, the phantom potboiler, who works it all into his next novel, sitting up late at nights so that it shall be finished before his victim has even corrected his first chapter. He is the prey of a literary confidence-trick; sharks, welshers, pickpockets steal his genius and put it into currency—he never tires of telling you about the last time he was shanghaied. The only way to get rid of him is to listen and pretend you think that he is afraid of losing money—"So they didn't leave you with sixpence?"—he will be furious.

I could describe the markings and habits of perhaps a hundred variations of the species, male and female and others, but I leave you to discover them for yourself. Besides, I feel a certain sentiment in the matter, a fellow-feeling such as may spoil one's enjoyment at the Zoo.

> The public is politely requested
> Not to offer them buns or fruits,
> And not in any way to annoy them
> With ginger-beer bottles and boots.

But *you* should have some fun with them, tracking down their complexes till you come to the fine thread on which their personality hangs. In the world of letters personality is the one thing sacred, the one prized substitute for talent. Leave it, if you would be a writer living among other writers, intact. For you must understand that all these people have a foot in the next rung, like social climbers; the schoolmaster is a journalist, the journalist is poetaster, the poetaster is a man of genius. They live for that; don't try, until you are sure of yourself, to shake them off their ladders.

What did we talk about the other night? Your letter hints that I must have given the whole show away; I had meant to tell secrets bit by bit. Your question point-blank took me by surprise. How to become a writer? *Not by writing*, not, at any rate, by writing at once; but by investment, my boy, by waiting, by manipulating your shares, which started below par, till you have seen them soar on a soggy market. When your reputation is made, then, write if you will. The old days of apprenticeship, I-must-be-alone, you-go-skating-with-the-others-love-while-I-go-up-to-my-room-and-write, the easel before the sunset, the ladylocks and flowers and tokens, *the fatal mesmerism of the blank sheet of paper*—all that is over. How they must have suffered, those young apprentices; no wonder their work afterwards was voluminous; for out of suffering, Edward, as you will learn from hearing talk about Dostoevsky, art was once born. But do not let that interfere with you. The modern artist is untouched by his work. He is quite impersonal. (Eliot). Take a good look round, the beach is crowded, but you will find a corner where no one is sitting, or a rockpool with its anemone and starfish, from which you can hear the tramcars grinding along the front and the radio-band on the pier; make that your ground. Literature is an interior mirror catching reflections through a chink. You may reflect familiar things, but, *N.B.*, distance lends enchantment to the view.

I find I have given you more metaphors than advice; my role, as you know, has been for years a woolgathering one. To end on a clear note, will you have dinner with me on Friday?

Yours,
UDOLPHO.

P.S. If all your letters are as dangerous as the last one, perhaps you had better address them c/o Camden Town Post Office. I am known there, but not so well.

G. W. STONIER.

A NEW COMIC OPERA

IT is exceedingly hard to write a good comic opera, and the proof of this fact is to be found in the very few that have outlasted a momentary success during the past two hundred years. If we had a decent theatre in London, and by that I mean a permanent theatre under good management with an established public such as the B.B.C. has got for its Promenade and Symphony concerts, we should be able to hear many neglected masterpieces. We should also bring back to the theatre many thousands of people who have given it up in disgust. I believe such people are to be numbered not in thousands but in tens of thousands, for I am always meeting with them. They belong to every strata of society, from typists who have never heard of Henry James but yet can discriminate between a novel by Mr. Pritchett and a novel by Mr. X.Y.Z., to the intelligentsia who, as a rule, are less discriminating and prefer *Sherlock Holmes* to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

All discriminating people, whatever their environment and education, are to-day driven out of the theatre which caters only for nit-wits, not even for half-wits. Therefore a venture at something better, such as this comic opera, *The Pride of the Regiment*, now being performed at the St. Martin's Theatre, has to come before the public in a hole-and-corner way at a theatre which has no permanent public because it has put on all sorts of fare during the past few years and stands for nothing in particular. Even if *The Pride of the Regiment* were twice as good as it is it would stand little chance of success because there is simply not time for the people who might like it to learn of its existence before it is extinguished by sheer weight of expenses.

Apart from this, the authors, Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley and Mr. Scobie Mackenzie, together with the composer, Mr. Walter Leigh, have no means of judging the effect of what they are doing until their comic opera is actually in performance. In other words, the young dramatists and operatic composers have no chance of ever learning their job. Gilbert and Sullivan both had a lot of experience

separately before they came together and even then they were able to prepare their work from practical experience in a way that is quite impossible to-day with the outrageously inflated costs of production and publicity due to the purely economic law of competition for Central London sites which pushes up rents and costs to figures that prohibit real initiative and enterprise. To-day everybody in the theatre business wants a "best-seller," a play that will fill the house from the second night, because this is the only way even to cover expenses. There is no chance whatever for a good work to find its public and young authors and composers nowadays might just as well tear up all they write. If they want to earn a living they had far better take to selling Yo-Yo or patent medicines.

There is a lot of promising material in *The Pride of the Regiment*, but I feel that the authors never quite made up their minds about what they were doing. They have written a sort of burlesque of the Crimean War period, but it remains rather like a slap-dash undergraduate affair. There are many bright lines and Mr. Clinton-Baddeley can write neat and telling verse, but the characters are mere dummies, and such names as General Sir Joshua Blazes and Captain Rudolph de Vavasour are characteristic of the spirit of old-fashioned facetiousness and melodrama which pervades the opera. The authors are really reproducing what they are at the same time burlesquing. This is necessary, but the fine line which divides the satire from the thing satirised must be drawn and kept clear in some way. But this tact is missing, so that the performance raises many laughs in the wrong place. The libretto is full of inopportune comedy, and by that I mean that what is comic is mostly out of the orbit of dramatic illusion. The secret of the stage is illusion. This can never be dispensed with if a truly moving effect is sought whether it move one to laughter or to any other emotion. For example, when Miss Blazes went to the pianoforte (I don't know what instrument was used, but they had pianofortes in 1854) to sing what was, I suppose, a typical mid-Victorian song, she did not move across the stage or sing in her character as Miss Blazes but as an actress impersonating Miss Blazes, and so her song was absolutely ineffective. It was just nothing at all, whereas if the dramatic illusion had been kept the song would have appeared what it actually was and have made its true effect, which would have been touching or ridiculous, or both touching and comic, according to the intention of the authors. Such faults as these are the common faults of amateurs, and I contend that there is no opportunity nowadays for young authors to learn from experience and slowly acquire that professionalism which is only the fruit of long experience. The cheap-jacks have far more opportunity than the serious and ambitious young artists, and then from their acquired cheap-jack professionalism they despise the fumbling of the far more gifted and more serious young artist. The ignorant and the popular press share in this contempt and so it becomes more and more difficult to get the theatre out of the rut of a tawdry, cheap and commonplace professionalism which is merely out to pander to the imagined dullness, apathy and stupidity of the millions.

On the musical side *The Pride of the Regiment* is more successful. Mr. Walter Leigh seems to me to be really talented and to have a gift for comic opera. His comic song, "They Sing, They Roar," effectively sung by Mr. Gavin Gordon as Rudolph de Vavasour was the one indisputable success of the whole opera. But I also noticed a very nice quartet, sensitively scored, and a duet between Lieut. Brown and Miss Blazes with a chorus, "The Merry Month of May," which had charming effects. The instrumentation throughout was sensitive and subtle and this gave me more pleasure than anything else in the performance. If Mr. Walter Leigh has got sufficient backbone to ignore all suggestions that are ever made to him by experienced theatre managers and theatrical musicians, he may have a real future. It is only by writing to please himself that he will ever please anybody else worth pleasing. Of course, he must observe closely what is effective and what fails to come off in his own work, but only from his own point of view.

To keep one's originality, one's own personal sensitiveness towards one's medium, and to have the necessary opportunities of learning from public performance how to do things in one's own way—these are the two essentials for a young man of talent who wishes to write plays or compose operas. Our present society offers a minimum of opportunity to the right men and a maximum to the wrong. Never before, I believe, have conditions been more difficult for young artists of talent. Everything to-day, from the abundant means of publicity to the millions that can be obtained by pushing the public along the line of least resistance, is an obstacle to true talent, but perhaps it will result in making that talent stronger and more vital.

W. J. TURNER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The False Captain

RICHARD OSWALD'S *Der Hauptmann von Köpenick* at the Cambridge lasts an hour and a half; it would be better if it lasted fifty minutes. The film follows the original play too closely in dividing the pictures into two halves—the first treating the difficulty of an "old lag" in finding work, the second treating the hoax itself. The two subjects are so emotionally remote that the tempo of the first half cannot be fitted to the tempo of the second, with the result that the hoax itself went too slowly. Also, we had to wait such a long time for the joke to begin that our curiosity has been weaned before ever it arrived. *Köpenick* can be a musical comedy and nothing more. I wanted to see Clair telling the story the whole way through. But in this, as in many other German films, the parts are greater than the whole. There are many amusing pictorial jokes, so genuinely cinematographic as to render description impossible. And a good-natured onlooker will often enjoy a hearty laugh. *Köpenick* is far from a first-class film, but it is one of the best to be seen in London at the moment.

Hunger

The Academy Cinema is showing Piel Jutzi's silent film *Mutter Krausen*. It is accompanied by tiresome "theme" music and several unnecessary sub-titles, but the only serious criticism against the film is that the rhythm is spoilt by a tendency to linger over emotional effects. *Mutter Krausen* is a story of extreme poverty; food is an occasion for nervous laughter; to be able to pay bills means happiness; and a debt of twenty marks can be settled by stealing, prostitution, or by death. Piel Jutzi has succeeded in portraying how fear of prison or starvation has created in these people a nicely calculated carefulness and an almost unbearable anticipation of failure to stay where they are—at the bottom, but not out. It might have been better had the film been less full of events, though on the whole these are well worked in, and there are two excellent pieces of film work: one when Mutter Krausen carefully prepares her death and recklessly uses all the coffee to make her last drink; and when her daughter, hysterical and breathless, finds her sweetheart in a procession and gains composure as she falls into step with the marching workers.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Sunday, July 24th—
Delisle Burns on "Civilisation and the Leisured Class," Conway Hall, 11.
"Heritage," St. Martin's.

Monday, July 25th—
"The Merchant of Venice," Komisarjevsky production, Stratford-on-Avon Theatre.
Adrian Boult on "The Promenade Concerts," B.B.C., 7.10.
H. J. Massingham on "Origin of Ball Games," B.B.C., 7.30.
"The Quince Bush," Q.

Tuesday, July 26th—
J. V. Delahaye on "That there is nothing to be done about it," Caxton Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM is something more than a cosmopolitan of talent: he is something more, even, than a good European. It is not merely his mind which is encouraging, it is his state of mind: he is the type of truly civilised man.

In his *Discovery of Europe* (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.) we find again that lively observation, that curious ingenuity, that wise tolerance which distinguished his *England* and his *Time Stood Still*. Yet we find something more. Not only has Mr. Cohen-Portheim brought to his latest work a more serious preoccupation, but his talent for comparison has now found a more valuable outlet and a wider scope. These, his aptitudes, are strongly marked: they derive not merely from an elastic mind, but from actual experience of an uncommon order. Half Austrian, half German, Mr. Cohen-Portheim understands the qualitative values of Vienna even as he understands the quantitative values of Berlin: a wide knowledge of French and English culture, a long, and for four years enforced, residence in this country and in Paris have provided him with standards of comparison more accurate and more available than those vouchsafed to the ordinary internationalist. Being possessed of an alert though patient mind, he has been able through many years of observation to check by constant criticism his own experience and conclusions. The result is a book of vivid and, in my view, durable interest. Mr. Cohen-Portheim, it is true, will be accused by his compatriots of superficiality, perhaps even of journalism. "I would like," he says when touching upon the future value of Poland and the exact degree of latinity possessed by the Rumanians, "I would like to know all this and a great deal more, but I do not, and I see no sense in repeating other people's opinion." Such frankness will not be welcome to the admirers of Oswald Spengler and Count Keyserling. Yet to British readers it will come as confirmation of Mr. Cohen-Portheim's honesty and balance. And it is to British readers that this book is primarily addressed.

* * *

Mr. Cohen-Portheim endeavours, as his avowed object, to restore to his fellow Europeans a greater self-consciousness and a greater self-confidence. He refuses to regard Europe as a decaying peninsula of Asia, even as he refuses to admit that she is doomed to fall a victim to Mr. Ford. He considers Europe far more vital, far more resilient, than that. "I am certain," he writes, "that there is no hope for Europe outside Europe, nor do I think that there is much hope outside Europe for the rest of the world." Having thus emphasised, in terms of space, the need of what he calls "the rediscovery of self," he proceeds to enforce that theory in terms of time. "The period," he writes, "called 'after-war' is finished." The hour, in his opinion, has already struck for the new Renaissance. And as a condition of such revival, such repetition, he urges a reconsideration of values. The essential genius of Europe is, in his view, to be found in that form of individualism which attaches greater importance to quality than to quantity, to variety than to mass. He examines the stages and the forms through and in which we have betrayed our own ideal, and he analyses the resultant diffidence and defeatism with which Europe has become afflicted. If we are to withstand the twin materialisms which, whether in their Russian or American shape, menace us from East and West, we must recapture our own genius, we must again become aware of the "staggering wealth of European inheritance."

> The European traditions to which I hope to see Europe return must not be confused with those predominant in the last fifty or sixty years, for these are their very negation. I can see no hope whatever in a return to the nationalism, materialism and utilitarianism of that epoch, which contained the seeds of the present crop of misery; the hope of the future lies in a return to earlier traditions which have survived as yet, nor is it simply a return to them, a repetition (could it be achieved) which could save Europe. Just as the Renaissance was not a repetition of the re-discovered antique, but a new structure erected on a re-discovered base and suited to the new times and conditions, so a modern renaissance will have to do its own building. There is no old dwelling for Europe to return to, but there are foundation stones, there is a basis for it to build on, and I take the present retrospective phase for an instinctive search for such foundation materials . . . In this reading of the signs of the times, and in this alone, I am an optimist.

* * *

Such, in outline, is Mr. Cohen-Portheim's thesis. Yet it is perhaps in the analysis of existing causes, in the comparison of existing international symptoms, that he is most illuminating. His summary of nineteenth century materialism, his version of war and post-war psychology, his examination of the twin utilitarianisms of Moscow and Detroit, although in his own words "a crudely superficial account," are none the less lucid and arresting. More directly useful, perhaps, are the chapters he devotes to an explanation of the French and German attitudes of mind. I recommend particularly his very sane analysis of German political psychology, and his insistence upon the vast importance to the modern German of the old Roman *limes* and of the thirty years' war. We in this country are all too apt to ridicule and to resent the fact that no German has his centre exactly in the middle. We fail to understand their strange admixture of timidity and violence, of diffidence and boasting, of self-confidence and self-distrust. Mr. Cohen-Portheim's book furnishes a useful corrective to all such facile generalisations, while his chapter on the "Tiergarten spirit" is, although brilliant, a perfectly serious contribution to our understanding of the Empire of William II. In the light of such interpretation the jerks and skids of Bülow acquire a certain unpleasant cohesion. We may not admire, but at least we understand. And we learn the valuable lesson that every German is a trifle insane.

* * *

To the British public this book will be welcome, not because of its implied doctrine of an internationalism of brains, but owing to the very flattering portrait which it offers us of ourselves. Even before the war there were books, such as those of Pierre de Coulevain and Price Collier, which told us how delightful, how important, we really were. Since then we have had Dibelius and Maurois, Silex and Kircher, Renier and (less enjoyably) M. André Siegfried. Mr. Cohen-Portheim manages to assure us that our defects are really virtues, that our indolence is wisdom, our thick-headedness some form of congenital rumination. He goes further. He does not, as do most of his compatriots, believe that the British Empire had ceased to exist: he believes that it has only recently begun to begin. He does not, as does M. André Siegfried, feel that we have made our final contribution to civilisation: he feels that our most important contribution is yet to come. He does not, as do our own defeatists, imagine that we shall fall a victim either to communism or to Americanisation: on the contrary, he contends that American influence in this country is already reaching saturation point, and that the British working man, being ill-attuned to equality, would never wish to attain the paradise of Communism. "In fact," he writes, "if the English are imperfect as Capitalists, they are quite hopeless as Communists." But he does observe, and I think rightly, that the British conscience is beginning to prick assiduously; and he does feel that the future of Europe depends upon the formula which we, in our dual capacity of a continental and an overseas Power, may ultimately evolve.

This book raises interesting problems and raises them in a vastly entertaining manner. The economists will contend, of course, that the nerves of nations are of less importance than their stomachs. I doubt it. Mr. Cohen-Portheim in this book has given us a picture of European states of mind: I contend that this picture is not merely fascinating, but of serious importance. HAROLD NICOLSON.

NEW NOVELS

Skerrett. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
Aria and Finale. By JAMES HANLEY. Boriswood. 5s.
Son of Dust. By H. F. M. PRESCOTT. Constable. 7s. 6d.
Sheba Visits Solomon. By HELENE ELIAT. Cassell. 6s.
The Summer Flood. By GORONWY REES. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.
The Great Gulf. By ERICH EBERMAYER. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.
King's Crew. By FRANK R. ADAMS. Constable. 7s. 6d.

A cult of the great body, of men and women strong and lusty, is now popular with us. To the convalescent the sight of a healthy fighting animal is gratifying, and these men like gods come more naturally and less turgidly to the Irish writers than to the English. Mr. O'Flaherty has always excelled at presenting these creatures ecstatic in the violence of their physical powers, or "groggy" with their sudden nausea. He catches the movements of animal life and temper perfectly. His limitation—he has it in common with all his school—is that these creatures have no minds. He can put fist against jaw, instinct against instinct, but not brain against brain. (Surely the animal can calculate, and try his tricks and chances?) One feels this kind of deficiency in Mr. O'Flaherty's new novel which, it must be added, is streets ahead of *The House of Gold* if not as straight from the shoulder as *The Informer*.

Skerrett is concerned with that traditional thing in Roman Catholic peasant communities: the feud between dominating priest and recalcitrant schoolmaster. Both are men of powerful physique and temper. The island of Nara is not big enough for both of them. The schoolmaster stands like a tortured fury helpless before the priest, a dissembling and arrogant god, jealous and avaricious. Skerrett, tied to a whining wife who drinks, and broken by the death of his child is, for all his violence, a weak man and a foredoomed victim of the priest who intrigues when thrashing fails, and trades on peasant superstition. The tragic conflict disintegrates. One is indeed disappointed that the schoolmaster does not put up a more effective fight. His collapse is inevitable yet too obviously so. But the true reason for our disappointment lies in the drawing of the priest. Wavering between hatred of him and a desire to do him some sort of justice Mr. O'Flaherty does not succeed in making his presence always real. Here and there, as when the first signs of avarice appear in him at the child's death, or in the superb confirmation scene when the enemies meet in final battle before the assembled peasants he is distinct and well and originally imagined; but for the rest one has too often to take his malign influence on trust. He is too often an anti-clerical rumour in a story whose theme is not primarily a religious one. An additional reason for this may be—as an epilogue to the story suggests—that it is a true story handed to Mr. O'Flaherty ready-made, and a curious half-biblical inflection in certain passages indicates that the theme to Mr. O'Flaherty is beyond present controversy, almost legendary. It is, of course, a powerful, passionate, and vivid book, and is free from the hysteria and melodrama which threatened once to destroy Mr. O'Flaherty's talent.

Once again he is giving us that sense of reserve of power which is also Mr. Hanley's quality as a novelist, now, too, that he is freeing himself from literary excesses. Each of the stories in *Aria and Finale* has awkward faults of construction and scurryings away from climax, but the power is there to suggest to the reader more than he says. There are portentous shadows beyond the words. The title story, a fragment, describing the last voyage of a sea-captain who has been retired, has something of Conrad's sense of impending fate, and it is a pity Mr. Hanley has not expanded it. The detail is quiet and excellent. Here is the captain watching the passengers embark:

> He felt a sadness slowly stealing over him, he knew not why; but when the second did eventually make his appearance, Cruickshank turned to him with a pained expression on his face. "Thank you, Lawler!" he said, and went below. Here he lost himself. Such noise, such bustle, excitement, laughter, it engulfed him. He stared like a man in a dream from one face to the other, noting all the different expressions; and singled out those who were smiling from those who were not . . . People stared at him—a respectable stare, and he heard whispered voices behind him as he passed now one group, now another. "There's the captain," the voices said. "Yes, he's the captain of the ship." And in the corner the children still peeled oranges and chatted gaily among themselves. They too had seen the tall, quiet figure pass through. "That's the captain," one told the other. "He is taking us to America. He sails the ship."

Mr. Hanley impresses less in his excited moments. In his story of two firemen who love the same woman and meet by coincidence in the fo'c'sle of a new ship, he makes successful use of a Joycean technique in recording the obsessed raving of one of them, but loses his effect by repeating the same technique in the subsequent dialogue. Neither does he face up to the fight in the way Mr. O'Flaherty would have done, and his imagination and pen are not at ease yet with horror.

We have violence from Miss Prescott too in *Son of Dust*, a story of the strivings of passionate love with Christian conscience set in eleventh-century Normandy. Her manner is rapid, heroic without vainglory, and sensitive up to a certain point. But her dialogue worries me. Surely it is a Forsyte who says, "She will have Echauffour and Montreuil when he dies, for she is the only one he has left." And, "Poor stock! I wouldn't breed from a mare that looked so ramshackle." This is forgivable in comparison to the "three dot" shyness of her love passages, more appropriate to the novelette: "I must look at you. I must, as much as I can . . . So that I can see you . . . Afterwards . . . In my heart." This fault indicates an unhappy access of purely personal emotion into the story. It has the effect of anachronism. A pity, because the book does smack of the period and is far less subject to a high-falutin' romantic manner than most historical novels and is the vehicle of an appreciable spiritual conflict.

Fraulein Eliat uses the past for malicious purposes, exploring the seamy side of the Old Testament's gaiety. Her Sheba is of a line of queens who must remain virgins and yet bear children: a dilemma in which the aid of the usual "gods" was, in her exceptional case, quite useless. Hence the visit in despair to Solomon, as fat, elderly and sly as Sheba was scraggy and unattractive. Solomon conducts an intrigue with the waiting woman and Sheba is obliged to trick him to her bed. Later, after she has been educated in the arts of make-up and coquetry by Solomon's Queen, he desires her and she has the satisfaction of turning him down. The prophets grumble, the priests swindle, the soldiers are on their wounded dignity, there are scandals about the Ark, and Solomon in his wisdom winks at the lot. The fantasy wears thin but it makes on the whole an amusing and malicious joke.

Both *The Summer Flood* and *The Great Gulf*, the first a Welsh, the second a German, book, are about not very interesting young people and the celebrated clash with the older generation. Mr. Rees is careful and patient and the struggles of his two young people against bleak Welsh puritanism have a mild interest; but since freedom for the young seems merely to mean an enormous amount of talk about sex followed by poetic copulation

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and melodrama, one is not much moved by this emancipation. The writing is solemn and elaborate, the dialogue gives no assistance to the characters or the story, and putting certain fresh descriptive passages aside the author gives a fatal impression of timid self-absorption. It is an average first autobiographical novel. The older generation of *The Great Gulf* are those who have been broken in the war. They reach out, with that mixture of sentiment and hysteria which the Germans love, for understanding by the very young. And the very young, like the whole conception of the book, are very ordinary and crude.

The publishers of *King's Crew* assure us that it is *Beau Geste* with a difference, and it is the difference which is most noticeable. The story is pure Hollywood with every kind of bandit, gunman crime, abduction, racing through it under the direction of the usual sinister Mexican. Rape is most idyllically procrastinated, there seems to be a lot of money,. the hero dashes into danger with a college yell and the heroine wears breeches. I have read snappier Americanese in my time and I wonder if the author ought to be so jolly. Wasn't it enough to be preposterous?

V. S. PRITCHETT.

CHINA AND THE WEST

The Capital Question of China. By LIONEL CURTIS. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

> Much of the news which comes from China is coloured by the chronic irritation which Europeans who are trying to earn their living in the difficult state of that country can hardly avoid. When the man in the street saw Japan enforcing her claims in what he felt was the good old style, he could not but rejoice that the world was at last getting down to realities. That attitude, reflected in the London Press. . . .

It is proper to recognise, as Mr. Curtis does, that, in the foreign communities in China, there are an increasing number of individuals who take a more intelligent view. It must be admitted, however, that opinion in Europe is still extraordinarily uninformed as to the most obvious facts of the Chinese situation. It is a pity that his book, with its sanity and width of vision, did not appear before the occurrence of the Manchurian incident, in dealing with which a considerable part of the English press has given a melancholy demonstration of the justice of his criticisms.

Mr. Curtis's book is partly historical. It begins with a survey of the process by which, against their will, China and Japan were brought into continuous and intimate contact with the West. In the former the old regime was crumbling from within when it was assailed, to its astonishment, by blows from without. There was no process of gradual transition to mediate the shock. The size of the country, the autonomous character of Chinese culture, the absence of a tradition of political authority and of an effective administrative system, combined to make impossible the readjustment which took place in Japan. The latter had once already in her history borrowed and absorbed one culture, that of China herself; she knew how to borrow and absorb another. China had her own standards of civilisation, exacting and self-sufficient, which she had imposed on successive waves of barbarian invaders from the North; she could conceive no other. Faced with the new forces which broke on her from the West, her situation was what that of Europe might have been, could it have stepped, without an intervening period of preparation, from the fifteenth century to the twentieth. The knowledge needed to cope with it was sought in the countries whence the shock had come. The effects of the New Learning were profound; but its light sometimes dazzled and bewildered as well as illuminated. To lift the load of the past, China required not merely new technical devices and new political forms, but new conceptions of law, administration and political obligations, and new standards of conduct in governments, administrators, and the society which produced them. The former could be, and were, borrowed. The latter had to be grown. One scheme of life, long accepted without question, had lost its prestige; its successor was too immature to occupy the vacant throne. The result was an interregnum. It was an interval of confusion, in which everything seemed possible, and nothing certain.

The West gave little help. Interested primarily in trade, it failed, as Mr. Curtis remarks, to realise that, in pursuing nothing but its economic interests, it would in the long run injure even them. It has injured them most effectively, and the question is now whether, by a change of policy, it cannot benefit both China and itself. It is to this question that Mr. Curtis turns in the second part of his valuable book—the "Comment," which follows and interprets the "Narrative."

The premise from which he starts is that "anarchy in so large a section of human society as China is a standing menace to the peace of the world," and that "the only policy which offers any hope of stable conditions is to strengthen the native Government, not to weaken it." The economic evils of China are of appalling gravity, and, given a consistent policy, some of them, at any rate, are remediable. But the condition of remedying them is stable government; in the circumstances of China the maxim *l'économique prime la politique* is less true than its converse. Mr. Curtis rightly dismisses the suggestion advanced by some foreigners that the condition of establishing order in China is that she should be broken into smaller units. Such a policy could not be carried out, for both economically—as in the matter of customs—and culturally China is one; and, if it could, it would mean an eternity of civil war. His own advice is addressed partly to China, partly to the West. There is much to be said in favour of his view that the course of wisdom for the Nanking Government is, as far as possible, to limit its liabilities. The unification of China can be carried out only piecemeal and step by step. Some region must play the part of Prussia and Piedmont in the Europe of the nineteenth century, serve as a base where reform can mobilise its forces, and spread new standards of good government by the influence of its example. The right policy is to use authority first where it can be used most effectively. It is to make the provinces directly under the eyes of the Government a model of order, security and efficiency; to equip them with modern roads, a modern police system, and modern schools; and thus to prove, where good administration is possible, what good administration means.

But the West, which is largely responsible for the present anarchy of China, must play its part in helping her to end it. It can do so partly through the League of Nations, partly through the policy of the States most closely in contact with her. The weakness of Chinese Governments is not in principles, but in their application, or in the failure to apply them. It is the absence of an effective administrative system. The League has already given assistance to the Chinese Government by putting at its service expert advice on the organisation of public health services, famine relief, and the improvement of agricultural methods. One important result of the collaboration which has already taken place is the National Economic Council recently established at Nanking, which will plan and carry out, it is hoped, a consistent policy of economic reconstruction, and serve as the nucleus round which an efficient civil service can in time be built up.

Effective action by the League implies knowledge and good will on the part of the Great Powers. Mr. Curtis has several pregnant criticisms to make on British policy. The public, he argues, has not been adequately supplied with information on Far Eastern affairs: the former practice of publishing despatches and reports by men on the spot has been largely abandoned in the present century, with the result that the nation has little material by which it can judge the issues that arise. Nor, in spite of the help given the Chinese Government by individual British officials, has British policy always been happily conceived. The retention of the Legation at Peiping, which is farther from the capital by train than Berlin is from London, has been, he thinks, a grave error. It has prevented the growth of the intimate personal relations which a Chinese Government, struggling with overwhelming difficulties, might have found invaluable. It has given the impression that the British authorities regarded the new regime as provisional and insecure, and thus, by lowering its prestige, has contributed to its insecurity. The treatment of the Boxer Indemnity question has, Mr. Curtis urges, been equally short-sighted. It has been so handled as to frustrate the original intention that all the funds involved should be applied, directly or indirectly, to Chinese education, and to create the impression that Great Britain is less interested in the welfare of China than in securing orders for British factories. Mr. Curtis discusses the policy which should be pursued by this country with an insight into the realities of the Far Eastern situation which his wide experience of political problems in different parts of the world makes doubly impressive. It is to be hoped that those who will be responsible for it during the next ten years will find leisure to study his book and reflect on its conclusions. They could not have a better guide.

R. H. TAWNEY.

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT FROM WITHIN

An Estimate of William Wordsworth by his Contemporaries. By ELSIE SMITH. Blackwell. 18s.

Although a good deal of this book makes tedious reading, it is welcome because of its accumulative effect. In raking out all contemporary reviews, letters, and other references to the grand old egoist's publications from the time of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798 to poems which appeared as late as 1822, the author has provided a useful hunting ground for the student. She has, however, done more, for the effect of this indigestible mass is to set the stage again, so that we see the poet enter with all the trappings of his times. Not only the giants, such as Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Christopher North, and Jeffrey, come with him, but also the chorus of anonymous voices without which the *volume*, the blood and bones, of a period cannot be realised. We see the great Romantic Age with some degree of actuality. And what is the effect?

It sets us wondering what all the squabble of literary or indeed any other fashion is about. Why, for instance, is there so much pother to-day amongst the younger aristocrats of the intellectual world to pour scorn and hatred on the whole of the literature of the nineteenth century, with particular venom directed against Shelley and Wordsworth, who both to some extent proclaimed a mission?

Reading through these conflicting records of the reception of Wordsworth's work, one is reminded again and again of suspicions of these mass-condemnations, of these whole-hog enthusiasms for some rival period. At the moment the favourite wear is the eighteenth century. Pope and Dryden, with possibly Byron, are the poets, and Richardson, Smollet, Swift, and Sterne, the prose masters. Thackeray is regarded as a snobbish fraud; and Dickens has even been referred to by the latest analyst from Cambridge as "the Edgar Wallace of his Age."

Well, this book ought to do much to correct the tendency of modern critics to judge art in the lump, by period instead of by individual. We may have to blame psychology—a new weapon and therefore too much handled—for this insistence on looking for origins and relationships when appreciating or depreciating an artist's work. All the freshness, the personal quality, the sense of new and exciting encounter, and the deeper joy of recognising another human being as a self-responsible personality, vanish from literary criticism by adopting these mass-deduction methods. The work dealt with becomes dead, a specimen for autopsy, and the critic becomes superficial and arrogant.

For life, and life reflected in literature, is too complicated and various to be so easily tabulated. This collection of Wordsworthiana reminds us of that trite fact. Nobody thought alike about *The Lyrical Ballads* when they first appeared. Even individuals varied in their reactions. While Byron could comment that "I reviewed Wordsworth's trash of the time," and Crabb Robinson could write that "genius is not dead or asleep. He is original and a true poet," Charles Lamb was standing with a foot in both camps. Acknowledging a gift volume from the poet, he picked out a thousand beauties, possessing "fine Shakespearean character," and "delicate and curious feeling." Yet he could at the same time write to his friend Thomas Manning, "So you don't think there's a Wordsworth of good poetry in the great L. B.? I daren't put the dreaded syllables at their just length. Between you and me the L. Ballads are but drowsy performances." He was honest, and, in a manner, just, in both criticisms. Yet how far was his finely trained mind from the rash absolutism which disfigures so much of the more serious criticism of to-day! Even Coleridge, who is at present accepted in the canon, was content to beat about the bush and to adopt no god-like fixity of mind. We know what he had to say of Wordsworth's genius in the *Biographia Literaria*. Yet in 1802 he wrote to Southey about Wordsworth's famous Preface, saying, "I rather suspect that somewhere or other there is a radical difference in our theoretical opinions respecting poetry; this I shall endeavour to get to the bottom of, and, acting the arbitrator between the old school and the new school, hope to lay down some plain and conspicuous, though not superficial, canons of criticism respecting poetry." There too, as well as proof of the healthy tergiversation betrayed by a great critic, is also a sign of the evil of theory-seeking, a will-o'-the-wisp which men persist in chasing through all walks of life and art. Poor Coleridge chased that will-o'-the-wisp, and became bogged. Far better, perhaps, to stand still, and judge things as they come; and leave the making of codes and standards to the archangels.

RICHARD CHURCH.

LABOUR ECONOMICS

Economic Tracts for the Times. By G. D. H. COLE. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

The essays collected in this volume cover a wide range of subjects, but nevertheless hang together remarkably well. "The Crisis," which was written jointly with Mr. Bevin and still is one of the best short accounts of the causes of the present depression, makes an admirable historical introduction, and leads straight on to topics of immediate political interest.

The chief of these are naturally enough monetary policy and banking control. It is encouraging to find Mr. Cole in the first of these two essays declaring against a policy of stable prices. His proposals would normally leave prices to fall as the efficiency of production increases, but would at the same time make stable exchanges impossible owing to differences in the rates of technical progress in various countries. An international standard is, however, necessary, *pace* the optimists who think that all will be well if adequate forward exchange markets are established, and Mr. Cole will have to turn his attention to the reform of the gold standard. On the other hand, in the essay on Wages and Employment, written for the I.L.O. early in 1931, we can detect a tendency towards an expansionist policy which would raise incomes as efficiency increased. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cole has now definitely cut adrift from the price stabilisers.

The main points of interest in the essay on Banking socialisation are the powerful and convincing arguments in favour of the socialisation of the joint stock banks as well as of the Bank of England. Opponents of this view might, it is true, urge that the Bank could bring about some measure of inflation, if it were desirable, by lending direct to the Government new credits for public works, but it is surely not open to question that the real control of finance which national planning requires must include

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the socialisation of the joint stock banks, simply because they control the direction of credit. It will be interesting to see if the Labour Party takes this excellent advice.

Mr. Cole is not, however, content merely to suggest one or two lines of policy. In the more general essays he gets down to theoretical fundamentals and relates them both to the present trends of capitalist development and also to Socialist policy. He is enabled to do this, first, because of his firm belief that mere theory without practice is valueless, and, secondly, because for him, as for all those who take an organic view of society, economics and politics are inseparable and must always be viewed together in their historical setting. The two most interesting essays in the book, "The World Economic Outlook from the Standpoint of Labour," and "Towards a New Economic Theory," really, therefore, fit into one another very closely, although put into different sections. In both of them Mr. Cole draws on the best of Marx's teaching and opens up a whole new field of suggestive inquiry. The post-war world has seen the rise of capitalist monopolies, which inevitably tend to restrict production and so to cause general under-consumption as well as under-production, however efficiently run individual units may be. The only way out, therefore, is to establish an economic system based on social cost, or real value, rather than entrepreneur's cost, or price, and this will in turn require a recast of the whole of current economic theory. Economists will no doubt complain that they do, in fact, attempt to take account of welfare, but surely Mr. Cole is right when he says, "when it (Economics) cuts the cackle and comes to the horses, it is of prices that it speaks."

In the final essays Mr. Cole makes a number of useful suggestions about the forms of organisation which public concerns might adopt. A great deal of work is required in this field, which perhaps these tentative proposals may help to start. The Labour movement must put to itself, and in the near future must definitely answer, the questions here raised. E. A. R.

MAP AND GUIDE

The Map of England. By Sir CHARLES CLOSE. Peter Davies. 6s.

In Search of Wales. By H. V. MORTON. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Sir Charles Close has written an interesting little book on the English Ordnance map—"the first book of its kind to be published." It is surprising that writers have not been attracted to this subject before; everyone uses the maps of the Ordnance Survey, and to some extent is interested in their production; old maps are pasted on the window or lie on the counter in most booksellers' shops. The first Ordnance map was a map of Kent in four sheets on the scale of one inch to the mile, published in January, 1801; probably the actual measuring was done by compass and cyclometer, and sketched on the scale of two inches to the mile. The basis was, of course, that network of giant "triangles" covering England which it took sixty-nine years altogether to observe and calculate. The average length of a side of one of these triangles was thirty-five miles. "It was necessary to cover the country with a network of accurately observed triangles; the rays joining hilltop with hilltop; or where there are no hills, church-spire with church-spire or tower. Many are the churches and cathedrals that have been, in this way, pressed into the service of geography. Scaffolding was erected, for instance, over the dome of St. Paul's. . . . The spire of Norwich and the tower of York Minster became principal stations of the great triangulation." The details of this great achievement are known to few readers, and one wishes Sir Charles Close had given himself space for a fuller description. As it is, he gives an excellent sketch of the history of the Survey, and then goes on to other subjects, map-reading, place-names and Roman England, which, though more familiar, are indispensable for those who use maps intelligently. His book will appeal to anyone who explores the quieter corners of information.

Mr. H. V. Morton takes us with a bang into the open and commonplace. The success of his books has been due perhaps to a gift for entertaining while never going over the head of the reader. He gathers tit-bits from guides and histories as the average tourist would himself; he skims the picturesque off landscapes, follows in the little troupe after the verger, and experiences the mild delights of pretending to fit into the places he visits and remaining, in fact, cosily impregnable. The chat with the inhabitants, the joke about the Scotsman and his money's-worth, the Welshman and his leek, come even more naturally to him than to most people. He is, too, an excellent reporter, and does not miss chances. When, after Ireland, Scotland and England, he went "in search of" Wales, he found, of course, an Eistedfodd, a Snowdon defying even the mountain railway, and Mr. Lloyd George walking in a lane near Criccieth. One feels that Mr. Morton could not possibly have gone to Wales without finding Mr. Lloyd George. He is the almost perfect example of the privileged holjday-maker.

VIEWS

Studies in Sublime Failure. By SHANE LESLIE. Benn. 15s.
Views and Reviews. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. 1st Series. Harmsworth. 10s. 6d.
A Lawyer's Note-Book. Secker. 5s.
At the Sign of the Dove. By E. V. LUCAS. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

It is difficult to understand Mr. Leslie's criterion of success, seeing that of his five failures, four are John Henry Newman, Charles Stewart Parnell, Coventry Patmore and Lord Curzon. His fifth subject, Moreton Frewen, an ardent Bi-metallist when currency questions were not so exciting or popular as they are to-day, may or may not have been a failure; Mr. Leslie gives us no material for judging, for while he sketches an amusing, eccentric, brightly individualised character, the reader who did not know Frewen is left with little idea of his capacity. Mr. Leslie has a striking rather than an appropriate wit, and it is only for occasional comments on already well-known people that his essays can be valued. The almost sinister rigidity of Parnell is not a good subject for him, and while he is happier in the essays on Newman and Patmore, he leaves the great theologian rather small and the exquisite poet rather vulgar. Mr. Leslie, in short, as his catch-penny title will suggest, is too apt to look for headlines and, alas! find them; he mistakes the grandiose for the sublime, which accounts for the most unsuitable inclusion of Curzon, who would have been a greater man had he failed. It is unfortunate, too, that having linked his subjects together under a meaningless title, Mr. Leslie then abandons any effort to connect them—yet an amusing and not uninstructive result might have followed from an attempt to exhibit the first four as examples of the sameness in variety of nineteenth-century England—for Curzon in the twentieth century was only a survival. The truth is, Mr. Leslie's essays show no sign of constructive thinking; he has an eye for a picture, and can stage a melodramatic scene with the appropriate props and business; but his book shows no evidence of that power to reorientate a subject which would alone make such a book as this worth while.

That gift for a fresh, unprejudiced approach has always been a talent of Mr. Havelock Ellis, whose fame as a scientist and a philosopher has unduly obscured his merits as a critic of life and literature. Who can forget, who read it at the time, his essay on Hardy apropos of *Jude the Obscure*—an essay still, we believe, not reprinted? In *Views and Reviews* we have a selection from Mr. Ellis's miscellaneous contributions to criticism in the last forty-six years. Some are slight and very brief, others, such as the essay on *English Criticism in* 1884, on *The Men of Cornwall*, on *Bovaryism* and on *Browning's Place in Literature*, are long, considered pieces, which should have been republished years ago. How sound is his comparison of Browning with Butler (of *Hudibras*) and Ben Jonson. How bold as well as just is his judgment—written in 1884—on Arnold's criticism of Keats.

> Here, in the shortest compass, Mr. Arnold displays all the charm of his most exquisite literary style. And yet his unhappy tendency to moralise, his resolve "not to persist in pressing forward," but to enjoy merely the superficial aspect of things, make it impossible to say that these pages, delightful as they are, bear on them the stamp of true critical insight.

In all the essays one is in contact with a vigorous, unacademic mind that will not allow any prepossessions to interfere with the pursuit of truth, with that discovery of character that is the object of criticism: in an open letter to biographers, written in 1896, Mr. Ellis anticipated the reaction against that respectable hagiography which was common form in the late Victorian era.

Unless Mr. Hunter, of Hunter & Haynes, Solicitors, of 9, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, has a style and a past exactly the same as Mr. Haynes', the author of *A Lawyer's Note-Book* is assuredly Mr. E. S. P. Haynes. Food and drink, the classics, Balliol, Mr. Belloc, the comforts of the *bourgeoisie*, matrimony and divorce—especially divorce, legal censorship of morals and literature—are not these the pet subjects of Mr. Haynes; and are they

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not all, with much else, discussed, denounced and defended in this pleasant scrap-book? Mr. Haynes does not go very profoundly into any subject; but he is often witty, generally shrewd, and his prejudices are so evident that it is easy to make allowances for them. A story about Jowett shows the "Lawyer" at his best as a raconteur:

> He sat with two cronies over the fireside and chirruped: "We have often sought for truth and sometimes thought we had found it—*but have we had much fun?*"

This is a little book full of charm and gusto, and that schoolboyish confidence which serves so many of the English in place of intellectual labour; it also has attractive betrayals of the author, as in his naive belief that solicitors are more liable to sudden death than most men "probably because they really do work harder than most people. Intensive brainwork is not, on the whole, common in English life." "Intensive brainwork!"—one can hear, through the hinges of the tin-boxes, the parchments crackling with assenting laughter. And surely no one but the lawyer could have written: "We find in the latter part of the nineteenth century a number of writers like Ibsen"—would to heaven we did!

Mr. Lucas's volume is a selection, with a few unspecified additions, from four previous volumes. It is very good Lucas—that is, it is an ideal volume for a summer holiday, light reading that one need not be ashamed of, essays that provoke to thought as well as to merriment, and in which pleasure is often accompanied by instruction.

AGAINST MOTLEY

The Revolt of the Netherlands (1555-1609). By P. GEYL. Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.

Readers who depend chiefly upon Motley for their picture of the Reformation and of the war for independence in the Netherlands will find the present book a surprise. Mr. Geyl, in his preface, pays high tribute to the American historian; but after reading this book the tribute begins to sound ironic. Motley saw the rise of the Dutch Republics as the triumph of right over wrong, of noble Protestantism over the Babylonian woe. Professor Geyl demonstrates that this view is mere fantasy, woven for the solace of the New England conscience.

Alva went to the Netherlands

> not only to visit the evil-doers with merciless retribution and wipe out the last vestiges of sedition and heresy, but to destroy the ancient privileges of the country, the root of all the evil, and to raise up on the site thus cleared and levelled the straight, symmetrical edifice of absolutism, the ideal of the new age.

It was the second of these two projects that roused the Netherlanders to their long struggle. It could not have been the first, for, as Professor Geyl points out, "the religious question, far from being a unifying factor, could not but make for disruption amongst the Netherlands people." The protestants were everywhere a minority, given force and cohesion by the fighting qualities of the Calvinist creed. For example, Mr. Geyl writes that in Holland the Reformed were "a small minority, and this continued to be so for a long time to come, for generations in fact. As late as 1587 they were estimated at one-tenth of the population of the province." It was not a war on Rome and superstition that the Netherlanders waged; it was a war on the new taxation and the new political doctrines that were being forced upon them. "Orange at least," writes Professor Geyl, "never lost sight of the great fact that the nation was still largely Catholic, nor did he ever conceive the aim of the great movement to be the overthrow of Catholicism." Once this thesis is accepted, what is left of Motley's magnificent tale? Unhappily, the book in which Mr. Geyl presents his illuminating picture of Netherlands history is confused and badly organised. The unskilful handling of detail imposes a tedious strain upon the reader's attention; but anyone who is willing to make the effort will find that his trouble is rewarded.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Sciences of Man in the Making: An Orientation Book. By E. A. KIRKPATRICK. Kegan Paul. 15s.

This book should be useful to students and provide the uninstructed layman with a comprehensive and comprehensible introduction to the social sciences as they are being applied to our everyday life. Mr. Kirkpatrick describes in the simplest possible terms the impact of modern scientific discovery and research upon society and the changes in opinion and environment that are resulting therefrom. The bulk of the bibliography is devoted to the work of American scientists, and the "case" discussion is practically confined to the American scene, but the method of the book is on broad lines and the general implications of its argument are reasonably universal.

Purely for Pleasure. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. Secker. 8s. 6d.

Mrs. Mordaunt is one of those fortunate ladies—a by no means uncommon feature of modern life—who combine an aptitude for getting around the world with the knack of writing readably about it afterwards. In lively, jerky, episodic fashion, she relates the various stages of a journey which has led westwards to the Latin republics of Central America and eastwards to the Khmer temples of Angkor Vat. She is always brisk and often entertaining. Now and then, in the struggle to convey an effect, some brilliant phenomenon of tropic light and shade, she is apt to overdo the use of colour-adjectives. Elsewhere, as in her description of Guatemala, she pins down her memories with considerable neatness.

RED RUSSIA

By THEODOR SEIBERT 15s.

Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul

"Russia has not grown happier, but it has advanced."

This book is a proof of those words. The author lived peaceably in Moscow for four years. He, therefore, has a first-hand knowledge of conditions there. In spite of his terrible indictment of Bolshevism as a system he gives the Bolsheviks full credit for all they have done for education, hygiene and other social services.

N.B.—This really is a book of thrilling interest.

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About Motoring

A NEW LANCHESTER TEN

A WIT remarked the other day that our next motoring sensation would be news that Rolls-Royce are about to make a motor bicycle. This gay invention merely implies that nearly all the grandiose factories have been compelled, by financial depression, to build small cheap cars. The haughty plants which once dealt only with millionaires must now condescend to tout for the cheques of elderly retail tradesmen. It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good, and such condescensions are providing impecunious connoisseurs with some marvellous small cars, amongst which the new Lanchester Ten will rank high. In a *de luxe* saloon model with four doors it is listed at no more than £315, and a standard saloon, expected to appear anon, will cost less than £300. This is, of course, a lordly figure for a 10 h.p., so I hasten to explain that the chassis is equipped with a fluid flywheel and a pre-selector gear box, quite apart from numerous other attractions which appeal more heavily to engineers. The car is in a sense a mass-production job. It is

As Bacon might have said

"You remember," said the Vicar, "what Bacon wrote: '*Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.*' I would add, '*And tobacco maketh a perceptive man.*' In reading, in discussion, and in writing I have always found a pipe of good tobacco helps enormously in expressing one's own thoughts and appreciating others'. One sees things, in effect, more clearly for the presence of a certain amount of cloud. . . . Yes, it's always Three Nuns I smoke. It costs me no more to enjoy the best, because it burns so much more slowly than ordinary tobaccos."

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8Q

designed to please experts, and satisfy fastidious owners, whilst its mechanical durability is planned for a long term of years. The modernity of its transmission and the reputation of its makers will be the principal factors in assuring its sale, but closer study reveals two assets of greater intrinsic worth. The first is the remarkable excellence of the suspension. There is no external explanation of the fact that the car rides unusually well, for the springing consists of four semi-elliptic springs of ordinary appearance, damped by Luvax absorbers. True, the shackle-bolts are unique in design, but I was not greatly impressed by their novelty. Presumably, the details of these very conventional springs represent an extremely lucky compromise, and are aided by an exceptionally stiff frame, braced by a portentous X-shaped cross-member of the type seldom seen except on expensive high-powered cars of Continental origin. Whatever the secret cause, the car rides magnificently. The bodywork is the second surprise. We are quite accustomed in these days to discover comfortable space on board a small saloon, once we are ensconced in our seats; but entry is often an ungraceful business, necessitating squeezing in at awkward doors, ducking under awkward roofing, and stumbling over a floor scolloped out into wells, and crossed by shaft casings. This Lanchester body is not specially large, but it has a low floor which is flush from edge to edge. The drive is by underhang worm, which is obviously the correct drive for a small car, provided its begetters know how to make a good worm; and Lanchester has been using this drive without complaints for many years.

The car is in no sense an old lady's creeper, which remains sedate, even in furious hands. On the road it has a really lively performance in spite of its scaling well over a ton unladen. It can surpass sixty miles an hour on the flat without fussing itself, and at this speed its miraculous springs keep it very reasonably steady, though their real merit is best recognised at perhaps 45 m.p.h. over a rough and wavy road. On third gear it can work up to within sight of 50 m.p.h.—perhaps 47 m.p.h. to be more precise. The climbing is really rapid for a small car, and the driver need not hesitate to use speed on the indirect gears, for the engine is splendidly balanced, and the gears are genuinely quiet.

At first sight the engine excites no comment, except that it is mounted very far forward, in order to increase the length of the body platform. To some tastes this may spoil the lines of the car, but other makers have adopted the same dodge without forfeiting public esteem. But a bench test of the engine would make most people erect their eyebrows, as the passing out horse-power is 32, and I can remember a time when engines of this size normally left the bench as soon as they had registered an honest 17 or 18 h.p. Moreover, a detailed examination of the provision for cooling and lubrication suggests that this power should be available for continuous and prolonged use; the engine is not of the kind that grows aweary and breaks something if a cheery owner hustles it too hard or too long in a spell. The brain which begot it has evidently pictured his clients transporting the car to France, and keeping the accelerator right down for miles together across the long weary straights on the road to Switzerland, followed by continuous hours of first and second gear on Alpine passes. He has determined that such stresses shall not heat his engine, reduce humiliated owners to fetching water in their hats, or sitting by the roadside with the bonnet open till the power unit has cooled down again. This car is perhaps more suited to a Continental tour than any other British production at its price, though the existing coachwork contains no provision for carrying luggage under cover, or under lock and key. When an enquirer wonders why a 10 h.p. car should be marketed at double the standard price in days when money is tight, these high qualities of mechanical construction supply his first answer. And his second answer relates to the bodywork, which has nothing cheap or shoddy about it. The front passengers enjoy separate *fauteuil* seats, fitted with the best and most expensive adjustments. The rear passengers are separated by a folding armrest. The sliding roof is of a costly leakproof, rattleless pattern. All the coachwork details are of excellent quality and appearance, though proud owners will prefer to lay stress on the smooth flooring and generous body dimensions.

I need hardly make any further reference to the transmission. By this date every motorist ought to realise the merits and pleasantness of a pre-selector gear, which permit a raw novice to handle a car with the silent daintiness of a Segrave. The fluid flywheel is by no means as essential to the peace of a ham-handed beginner as the Wilson gear, but it completes the simplicity of the driving, and forms an admirable new toy and source of boasting for the kind of motorist who grows *blasé* about standard specifications. In practice, its main delight is best realised on a very severe hill, when a flustered owner is confronted with the task of restarting on a 1 in 4 grade, complicated by the presence of ladies who scream if the car tends to slide back so much as an inch. Such situations are by no means unknown in Alpine travel, and this transmission solves them all.

Every car of character has a *cachet* of its own, and though this new Lanchester has yet to cut its teeth I should identify it, first of all, as the car for a connoisseur who cannot afford to pay very much, must keep his car several years, and does not wish to tire of it. In the second instance, it is emphatically a car for the retired pensioner or *rentier*, who can afford a car to-day, provided its running cost is low, but may never dispose of the capital to buy another. It is a car for matrimony, rather than for a temporary *liaison*.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

A Story

CRASHING—tearing—leaping its way through the thick growth that it was intended to destroy, stopping only where the growth is too thick and resists all its efforts to break through—ripping and tearing great gashes in the surface as it passes—sliding over the top where the growth bends under its onslaught—slashing—slipping—crashing its way to freedom, leaving a ragged trail behind, to arrive at its destination worn, tired and entirely unfit for any further service.

◆ ◆ ◆

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Playtime

SOME COMMENTS ON MY PROBLEM CONTEST

I MAY classify the problems set (in the manner of Polonius) under some such five headings as the following: (1) Inferential; (2) Inferential-factual; (3) Mathematical; (4) Inferential-mathematical; and (5) Cryptographic. Examples of the five classes are: (1) *The Six Authors*; (2) *Dr. Zbysco*; (3) *The Mad Millionaires*; (4) *The Early English League*, and (5) *Puschowski*.

The success of the contest was due, I think, to the fact that so many kinds of problems were represented. The purely inferential problems make the widest appeal, and perhaps I ought to have included more of them; but good ones embodying new ideas are not easy to construct. I shall have a nice one, however, to present in next Saturday's issue.

Inferential-factual problems (as I call them) are less satisfactory in a competition. The solver is asked to base his

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deductions upon the elimination of possibilities that *could not* have occurred: and hence there is almost always bound to be some opportunity for dispute. To make the problems foolproof, one would want a lot more space—to ensure the closing-up of loopholes—and then still more to allow of "padding," lest the solution should be spotted too easily. In short, the inferential-factual problem is an attempt to boil down a detective story, and has the defects of its qualities. From the point of view of entertainment, however—or so I find in my own circle—they give as much pleasure as any.

"Straight" mathematical problems, like that of the Chicago millionaires, are naturally only of interest to those who are technically equipped to solve them. Mathematicians take a keen delight in, *e.g.*, applications of probability. But I only included such problems in my contest to bring the number of prize-winners within manageable dimensions.

On the other hand, the combination of mathematics with inference (provided that the calculations involved are simple) results, in my view—and in that of many connoisseurs of problems—in the maximum degree of entertainment. These puzzles are interesting to construct (I spent hours, for example, elaborating *Plutocrats at Play*); their interest lying, very largely, in the channels of abstract speculation opened up. These puzzles, of which quite a number of types have occurred to me, are, so far as I know, original. I am gradually working out new lines along which to follow them up.

As for cryptographs, I have nothing special to say. Of course, only quite elementary ones should be offered for solution to non-experts.

There follow some notes on the thirteen problems. The puzzles are classified under the five headings given above.

(1) *Slocombe's Bank* (*Type I*). Three suspects each make three assertions, of which two are true and one false. The problem "buttons up" all right, but is marred, I think, by the ambiguous implications of Pickler's assertion: "I should think the guilty man is Larkins." This will be revised when I reprint.

(2) *The Puritanian Cabinet* (*Type I-M*). A difficult problem if tackled algebraically, but easily solved by trial and error.

(3) *Mansfield Park* (*Type I*). This problem was not of my inventing. It is simple in itself, and I like its ingenious utilisation of the data of the novel. But its wording proved rather worrying to those who do not know their Jane Austen and also to some who took the background over-seriously; and I think it can be improved upon.

(4) *Murder of Zbysco* (*Type I-F*). The failure of the series. To begin with, I made a mistake in not making Borer's apparent alibi foolproof; and had to admit a second solution. Then my own solution, excellent as it seems to me, was much criticised on the ground that, as an explanation of what happened, it is in a high degree improbable. So it is; but the *improbable* must be admitted if all alternatives are *impossible!*

(5) *Plutocrats at Play* (*Type I-M*). One of my three best puzzles. The others (in my judgment) are *Fun on the "Phlegmatic"* and *Neverland* (not yet published).

(6) *Interrogatory* (*Type I-F*). Really an "intelligence test" rather than a puzzle, since the answer can be spotted at sight. Some competitors, for this reason, found it rather disappointing.

(7) *The Mad Millionaires* (*Type M*). A straightforward exercise in probability. Some solvers introduced psychological factors, and tied themselves into knots.

(8) *Puschowski* (*Type C*). A simple cipher, but such things call for practice. I included it to "deflate" the number of potential prize-winners, which at this stage was quite alarming. It did so.

(9) *Six Authors in Search of a Character* (*Type I*). A good example of its type, which proved surprisingly popular. It produced a number of efforts from solvers not heard of before or since. I hope they will like my forthcoming problem, *Dogs*.

(10) *The Early English League* (*Type I-M*). An easier problem, but less interesting, than my earlier Utopian League.

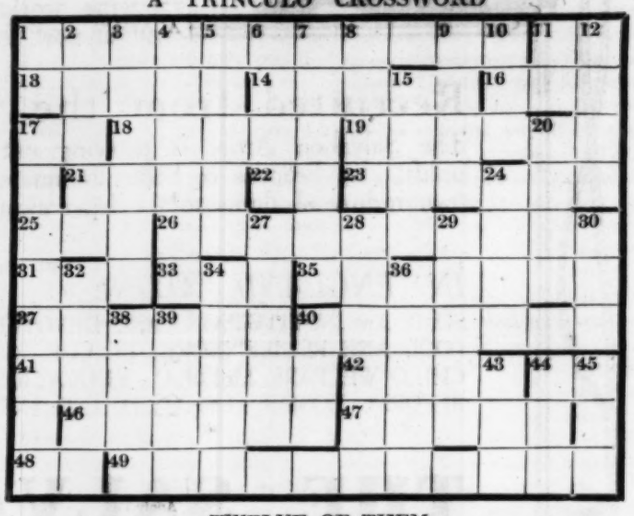
(11) *Taking a Chance* (*Type I-M*). In some ways the most interesting of the series, though not, artistically, the best; since the right solution can be reached by the wrong approach. This problem belongs to the "Blotto" group, of which more, I expect, will be heard.

(12) *Fun on the "Phlegmatic"* (*Type I-M*). The construction of these "Phlegmatic" puzzles is very fascinating. The difficulty is to word them so as to leave no scope for misunderstanding. I did not quite succeed; and the statement of the problem will be revised when I reprint.

(13) *Cubicles* (*Type M*). The only problem, so far, having reference to solid geometry. This field has distinct possibilities.

In conclusion, I should like to thank those readers who have sent me suggestions and criticisms. I have found these most valuable. I have in hand—it is now passing through the press—a comprehensive problem "anthology," in which the Caliban puzzles have a distinctive rôle to play. It is not too late to consider the inclusion of ideas that readers may care to put forward.

A TRINCULO CROSSWORD



TWELVE OF THEM

The missing twelve are 1 *ac.*; 11 *ac.*; and 16 *rev.*; 18 *ac.*; 23 *ac.*; 37 *ac., rev.*; 40 *ac.*; 49 *ac.*; 2 *dn.*; 4 *dn. rev.*; 17 *dn.*; 30 *dn.*; 44 *dn* and 45.

The remaining clues:

ACROSS.

13. Weight-lifter in Regent's Park.
14. I take Stanley's place in this soup.
17. Mr. Three-toes.
19. "That's blued it" said the litmus.
21*rev.* Little James goes the way of poor Charles.
22. Mrs. Three-toes.
25. Largely the creation of Mr. A. Hamilton.
26. Economists are not necessarily.
31. The whole of a decapitated band conductor.
33. It still seems rum turned round.
35. Propellant.
41. These twine.
42. O Nannie, what a burden.
44. See 9 *dn.*
46. You won't want much to solve this one.
47. Here we treat niggers like niggers.
48. The road to Brighton.

DOWN.

1. A Confederate state.
3. I can weep Crocodile tears.
5*rev.* I can indicate what's missing from this packing-case.
6. This garment derives from Nannie.
7. With oil?
8*rev.* These two are equal.
9. After 44 *ac.*, suitable wear for a call-box.
10. Much in demand at Bisley.
11. Both sides of the road.
12. Sacred in Egypt.
15. Formerly in the Forum.
20. I incline to be like this.
24*rev.* A ninny has left the child.
27*rev.* I can walk on the ceiling.
28. Confused wandering voice.
29. Effect of a successful "bear raid"?
32. Would I could change *my* spots!
34.*rev.* These canoes have been incorrectly pluralized.
36. Instrument of much multiplication.
38. Ern forsakes the business.
39. The letters of Alec's name.
40. You tell me.
43. The much-travelled Doctor has been dealt with at Somerset House.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. antigas. 6. iambic. 11. m(ascot). 14. P.S. 16. Marco (Polo). 18. authoritarian. 23. tret (often 4lbs. allowance in 104 lbs.). 25. reredos. 27. R.C. 28. Einstein. 29. drone. 30. (d)uc(k). 31. loan *rev.* 32. dict *rev.* (= half of dict-ator). 33. lea (ale). 34. rly. 35. riesie (slicer). 36. earl(y). 37. tesda ("dates" mixed up). 38. tilt (two meanings). 40. rtas (star). 42. Spooner. 45. islets. 47. cremites. 48. syren.

DOWN.—1. amateur. 2. (lea)st *rev.* 3. Ieh. 4. go(ne). 5. spirits. 7. am. 8. ram *rev.* (Aries). 9. Br(am) (stoker). 10. conceal. 12. auricle (h-ear-t). 13. treelet. 15. stencil. 17. Carnera. 19. Tennyso(n). 20. ortolan. 21. addicts. 22. isolate. (I, so late). 24. tsardom. 26. orderly. 37. tse(tse). 39. ire (land). 41. s-s-n. 43, 44. pret. 45, 46. iste (ties).

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

1. HATS.

In the hope of stimulating trade, the five sons of Madd, the hatter, agree that each of them during the summer will wear day by day in rotation such hats as he possesses. No two of them possess the same number of hats, and none of them possesses two hats of the same kind.

An interested neighbour collects the following data:

(1) On June 1st Percy appears in a felt hat, Herbert and John in bowlers, Ernest in a "topper," and Donald in a cap.

(2) On June 11th there are two bowlers, one "topper," a felt hat and a gibus.

(3) On June 19th Ernest wears his "topper," Donald his cap, and the other three wear bowlers.

(4) Ernest wears a cloth cap on June 22nd and a gibus on June 23rd.

(5) On July 1st all five are hatted exactly as on June 1st.

Who wore the "topper" on June 11th?

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ST. MARTIN'S. Tues., Fri., 2-45.
THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT.

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EDITH EVANS.
VIOLET VANBRUGH. WILFRID LAWSON.

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COMPANY MEETING

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

A STRONG BALANCE SHEET

The 41st annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday last at Furness House, London, E.C.

The Right Hon. Lord Essendon (the chairman) said that, having regard to the conditions which had prevailed, there was ground for satisfaction that the directors were not only able to present a strong balance sheet, but also to distribute a total dividend of 6 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. The available balance was £586,658.

Having dealt with the new issue of Ordinary shares and with subsidiary companies, he went on to say that the new quadruple turbo-electric vessel Monarch of Bermuda had proved an unqualified success, and, notwithstanding the depression, had been well patronised in the New York-Bermuda service. The unfortunate mishap to the Bermuda while undergoing repairs had necessitated the building of the Queen of Bermuda. That vessel should take her place in the Bermuda trade in January next, and they trusted that those two magnificent vessels would modify the unwelcome competitive attentions to which they had been subjected since they undertook to provide the steamship service required by that colony at a time when no one else would undertake the duty.

The improvement in conditions hoped for in December had been delayed. Meantime, the continued depression emphasised the need for international co-operation, and the result of Lausanne had revealed a very considerable measure of co-operation in political and financial affairs. Instead of co-operation many nations seemed to be indulging in measures which were the reverse of international co-operation. British shipowners had to compete with the subsidised ships of a great number of foreign countries, and trade barriers were increasing rather than decreasing. There were, no doubt, many reasons for these trade barriers, but in any case their effect was most harmful to shipping, which was essentially international in character. The inspiring influence of the Lausanne agreement, to be followed, they hoped, by a successful outcome of the Ottawa Conference, would go a long way towards restoring confidence and towards setting the wheels of commerce into motion, and it might be that those important developments would mark the turning point.

The report and accounts were adopted.

IMPORTANT LECTURES
arranged by
THE NEW EUROPE GROUP
to explode popular fallacies and current myths.

On Tuesday, July 26th, at 8.30 p.m.
"That there is nothing to be done about it."
By J. V. Delahaye.
Chairman: Arthur Kitson.

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"HITHERWOOD," SYDENHAM
Ideally situated in seven acres woodland and within easy access of Central London. Especially suitable for conferences.
Apply Holiday Fellowship, Fellowship House, Great North Way, Hendon, LONDON, N.W.4.

Of the tens of thousands of poor children who will have a fortnight's holiday this year under the arrangements of the Children's Country Holidays Fund,
7,000 WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT
if £7,000 (a Pound per Child) is not forthcoming at once.
These 7,000 children are buoyed up with hopes. Will they be disappointed? It is up to *You!* Remember, please, one pound gives a poor kiddie a whole fortnight in the country. Send it to the Earl of Arran,
THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND,
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

REFLECTIONS ON THE AMERICAN SCENE—CONSEQUENCES OF THE DISPARITY IN LONDON AND NEW YORK YIELDS—THE TWIN EAGLES

FOR the circumspect investor it is highly important, while the City of London is feeling very busy and patriotic in converting other people's War Loan for a commission of 5s. per cent. (2s. 6d. per cent. after July 31st, so please do not delay), to survey the American scene. (I will make the reason apparent in a paragraph or two if the reader will have patience.) The "constructive development" which the New York Stock Exchange has waited for so long has at last taken place—Congress has adjourned. But the War Veterans who marched to the capital to demand the encashment of their War Bonuses are still encamped in Washington—some fifteen thousand strong. This makes some investors very nervous. America, they argue, has grave social problems to meet this winter and anything may happen. Why? If your Government has no social conscience does it matter how many social problems you have? The cynical investor will be content to leave the Washington police or the Federal troops to maintain the existing standards of American social justice. The only trouble they may have in maintaining law and order is centred in the War Veterans' leader who, I am told, already has a broken neck and carries his head in a steel frame. But this cannot be very important, for Germany has a complete army of Steel Helms and yet survives. The important fact for the New York Stock Exchange is that having been threatened by Congress with a host of fantastic bills it has escaped with the Home Loan Bank Bill and the Relief Bill which, according to the banking experts and the Treasury officials, provide only mild and easily controllable inflation. If the inflation had been violent it would, of course, have been a blessing for Wall Street in disguise.

* * *

The Relief Bill provides for (1) an increase in the resources of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation by $1,800 millions—$1,500 millions for lending to "income-earning enterprises" and $300 millions to States; (2) $322 millions for roads and public works; and (3) loans by Reserve Banks direct to business borrowers, provided the Federal Reserve Board approve their eligibility. The Home Loan Bank Bill authorises the National Banks to deposit with the Treasury for three years Government bonds bearing 3¾ per cent. interest or less up to the amount of the banks capitalisation in exchange for National Bank notes with the ultimate limit in currency expansion of $995 millions. It is now clear that if the financial crisis were to become worse the whole credit of the American nation would be devoted to the preservation and support of the banking system. That is capitalist America. Recently there has been a recurrence of banking failures and currency hoarding in Chicago, but the trouble has been localised. Indeed, the financial crisis at last gives signs of exhausting itself, and it is significant that an appreciable recovery has already been witnessed in the depressed bonds and preferred stocks. Here are some representative prices:

Bonds.	Lowest Price, 1932.	Present Buying Price.	Approx. Yields %. (a).	(b).
American Gas and Electric 5% Debs., 2028 ...	62¾	80	6.25	5.86
National Dairy 5½% Debs., 1946	71½	81	6.48	6.07
Shell Union 5% Debs., 1949	47	70	7.14	6.69
Colgate Palmolive 6% cum. prefd.	65	75	8.0	7.49
Consolidated Gas $5 cum. prefd.	65	86½	5.78	5.41
National Power and Light $6 prefd.	35	50	12.0	11.24
Public Service of N.J. $5 cum. prefd. ...	62	78	6.41	6.01

(a) Assuming that dollars are bought at 3.56 and the interest or dividends converted into sterling at 3.56.

(b) Assuming that dollars are bought at 3.56 and dividends subsequently are converted at the rate of 3.86.

* * *

It will be seen from this table that even allowing for some dividend yield loss if dollars were bought to-day at a rate of 3.56 to the £ and sterling subsequently improved to 3.86, the yields obtainable are superior to any which can now be secured on debentures and preference shares in London. This brings me to the reason why the British investor should study the American situation very carefully. British fixed interest securities cannot go on advancing indefinitely: they must reach a point at which the disparity between the yields obtainable in London and New York cries halt. If we had been on the gold standard this point would have been reached some weeks ago. The outflow of funds for long-term investment or for speculation would have brought the exchange to gold export point and caused the Bank of England to raise its discount rate. As we are off gold the exchange can weaken considerably without bringing about a rise in Bank rate, although the authorities may have to support sterling—as they did some weeks ago—in the exchange market. Nevertheless, if the return of foreign and American confidence in the dollar and the flow of British capital to New York for long-term investment or speculation caused a real slump in the sterling exchange so that the cry was heard of a flight from the pound, the authorities would be forced to take drastic action, and among the many things that would happen would be a setback in the market in British fixed interest securities, but not necessarily Government stocks. I would therefore suggest that until the recovery in American bonds and preferred shares has made further headway, British industrial debentures and preference shares are not entitled to go much higher.

* * *

This is not to be construed as a recommendation to buy American equities. There is no glimmer of the trade dawn either in America or in the little world outside, and I would sooner buy equities on the first reaction after the recovery than try to hit the bottom. But I have twice hinted in these columns to Mr. Gordon Selfridge that he should offer the best American equity shares for sale in small parcels in his bargain basement. Callisthenes or someone else in Mr. Selfridge's entourage should really read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, for my suggestion has now been adopted by a more enterprising merchant in America who has started a chain of retail shops to sell packages of assorted shares—usually 25 per parcel—which he calls "bundles of America's future." According to the *Daily Mail*, these parcels have been selling like hot cakes to parents anxious to take a chance for the welfare of their children, or is it grandchildren? Share prices to-day certainly lend themselves to this novel form of merchandising. Early this year only three railroads and 35 industrials were selling below 10 dollars. To-day 21 out of 30 leading railroad stocks and 55 out of 120 leading industrial common stocks are quoted under 10. A correspondent in the *Investors' Review* this week gives the imaginary story of a man who went to bed early in 1929, fell asleep and woke up on May 6th, 1932. Before going to bed he sold 10 shares of Atchison Railroad for $2,986 and put the money in a savings bank at 5 per cent. interest. When he woke up he was able to buy back the 10 Atchison shares and 850 other shares of leading companies, leaving $8.25 for the necessary haircut and shave. The weak part of this story is that the savings bank in 1932 would have gone "bust."

* * *

Holders of Mexican and Canadian Eagle 7 per cent. preference shares should not be alarmed by the 1931 reports, which have just been issued. The preferred dividends of these companies have been deferred pending the result of a lawsuit regarding certain titles in Mexico in which Mexican Eagle is involved (as each guarantees the preference dividends of the other the postponement of payment by Mexican Eagle requires the Canadian Eagle to do likewise). Property titles have always been a trouble in Mexico and the confiscatory tendencies of certain States have alarmed directors of Mexican Eagle. The Federal Government, however, has announced its intention of revising local legislation to conform with the Constitution and the susceptibilities of property owners. I have not the slightest doubt that the Mexican Eagle will obtain a confirmation of its titles, for it is to the interest of the Mexican Government to encourage the oil companies to spend money on drilling, which they will not do if they feel insecure. Actually, the Mexican Eagle is ready to go ahead with a new area south of the Tuxpan river in which a discovery well has demonstrated the existence of a new oil-bearing limestone. Having been in Mexico and knowing one or two things about the oil situation there, I can emphasise the importance of this discovery. The oil companies have for many years been trying to find oil outside the old "Golden Lane" which has now turned from oil to salt water. If the Mexican Eagle's claim is justified it is the greatest piece of good luck which that company has had since the late Lord Cowdray brought in his most spectacular gushers in 1911/12. The Mexican Eagle ordinary shares of 4 pesos (8s. 4d.) are quoted at 5s. 6d. and the preference shares (8s. 4d.) at 7s., while the Canadian Eagle 7 per cent. preference shares (12s. 7d.) stand at 10s. 6d. Both preference shares have arrears of dividends from April 30, 1931.

WAR LOAN CONVERSION

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2 **You will be helping the country to save £23,000,000 nett every year, a sum which otherwise would have to be found by the taxpayer.**

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5 **If you hesitate too long, you will lose your £1 per cent. cash bonus which is free of Income Tax and Surtax. To obtain this bonus you must apply not later than July 31st.**

FOLLOW THE LEAD OF THE BIG INVESTORS

Banks, Insurance Companies, great Trading and Manufacturing concerns, public and private Corporations have already converted millions of pounds of War Loan. Follow their example.

FILL IN AND POST YOUR FORM TO-DAY